

Arlington Advocate

C. S. PARKER & SON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

Vol. xl.

ARLINGTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1911.

No. 6

We think it good business to recommend to our customers the most enduring silver plate that can be bought. Buy for the years to come—



"Silver Plate that Wears"

Call and look at knives, forks and spoons in the new patterns of the famous

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Beautiful gifts; enduring investments. On tureens, tea sets and all hollow ware of this high quality you will find this stamp—

ALFRED E. MYERS

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

11 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON

REPAIRING ESTIMATES FURNISHED

GEORGE A. BRYSON

(Twelve Years with R. W. LeBaron)

Electrical Contractor

Telephone 353-L 20 Franklin St., Arlington, Mass

RUSSELL & FAIRFIELD

Established 1848

(Geo. O. Russell)

INSURANCE

ALL CLASSES

20 KILBY STREET

BOSTON

Telephone, 5020 Main

LOOK OUT for that cold.
BEWARE of Grippe

Use our Bronchial and Lung Cough Mixture, .25 and .35.
Use our La Grippe Tablets, .25c box.

Prescriptions filled at lowest prices.
Registered Clerk always in charge.
Patent Medicines at Cut Prices.

BRING YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS HERE

Try a cup of our Hot French Chocolate with Whipped Cream, 5 cents.

We have two telephones, ring us up.

Ice Cream made fresh every day all winter.

GROSSMITH'S CORNER PHARMACY

ABOUT TOWN MATTERS
IN ARLINGTON.

All notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments etc. to which an admission fee is charged or from which a revenue is to be derived, must be paid for by the line at the regular advertising rates.

—The Geo. W. Lane estate on Pleasant street was appraised at \$6,000, on Thursday.

—No dealer can give you something for nothing. Look carefully into so-called bargains.—A. B. M. Ass'n.

—Mrs. R. W. Hopkins is convalescing from her serious attack of pneumonia at her home, Bay State road, Boston.

—Dr. Nathan E. Wood will be able to occupy his pulpit on Sunday morning and will preach a sermon on the topic, "Songs at the well."

—The annual meeting of the parish of Orthodox Cong. church was held Monday evening, in the vestry of the church, when it was adjourned for two weeks.

—The regular meeting of the Samaritan Society will be held in the parlor of the "White Church," on Monday afternoon next, at half-past two.

—At the Universalist church next Sunday morning, Mrs. Reed will sing, "Evening and morning," by Max Sticker, and "There is a land mine eye hath seen," by

Crowningshield. Mrs. Stevens will play Marche moderne, by Lemare, Chimes, by Gade, and March in F major, by Wallis.

—Monday evening, Jan. 23, the monthly meeting and supper of the Men's Club of the Universalist church will be held in the vestry of the church, at the usual hour.

—A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. William E. Hardy, Monday, Jan. 16th, at their home, 39 Jason street. The little lady weighed seven pounds and has been named Katherine.

—Mr. and Mrs. Albert D. Williams, of Bartlett avenue, with Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Smith, of Jason street, sailed on Thursday from N. Y., on the French liner La Provence, for Europe.

—The R. D. club gave a cake and candy sale Thursday afternoon, in Adelphi Hall, under the direction of Mrs. Wm. Bott, assisted by all the members of the club.

—The young people of the Universalist church hold their meeting in the vestry, at seven o'clock, Sunday evening. Mrs. N. C. Wadleigh will be the leader and the subject, "The Bible the text book for missions."

—Howard T. Viets has accepted a position with the L. E. Smith Co., plumbing

Sterling Silver Knives,
Forks and Spoons in large
varieties at lowest prices.

Also a full line of Silverware and Carving Sets.

Beacon Street Cars Stop
in Front of the Door.

Two Doors Above Marston's Restaurant.

and heating concern, at Gloucester, Mass. Mr. Viets is in the clerical department of this large concern, which has the contracts for most of the large estates along the North Shore.

—This evening (Friday), at the High school, Marshall Darrah, the distinguished Shakespearean reader, resident of New York, gives one of his ever popular recitals. He will give "The Tempest."

—The Crescent Zouaves, an organization for the betterment of the boys of Arlington, run their entertainment and dance in Town Hall, Feb. 3, 1911. Have you bought your ticket? Watch for the boy in the Zouave uniform.

—The Boston Journal printed a large cut of Herbert Butterick in its Thursday morning edition and gave him high praise in the hockey game on Wednesday, between the High school team of this town and Boston English High.

—Dr. Wood will address the Sunday evening audience at First Baptist church, on the twenty-second, on the theme, "Four anchors out of the stern." The public is cordially invited to participate in these helpful and inspiring meetings.

—Religious developments of seventy years, will be the subject on which Rev. F. L. Masseck will address his parishioners on Sunday morning. The 70th anniversary of the dedication of the Universalist church of this town occurred today, Jan. 20.

—The Peirce and Wino Coal Co. has issued a telephone directory to the patrons and friends of the firm, which is not only useful and convenient, but the picture which adorns it is too cute for anything, and one has only to look at it to be put in good humor with himself and the world.

—The program of music at the First Baptist church for Sunday, Jan. 22, will be as follows:—

Organ, Verret, Dubois; anthem, "Praise the Lord," Randegger; anthem, "O that I had wings like a dove," Smilston; offertory, Andante, Gilmant; duet, "Watchman, what of the night?" Sargent; organ, Pastorale, Faulkes.

—The Men's Club of the Universalist church will hold their meeting on Monday evening next, the supper being

served at 6.30 promptly. The discussion of the evening will center around the present high price of silver, and will be opened by Mr. Theodore Everett, of the Everett Press, Boston, and one of our fellow-citizens, who will illustrate his talk with experiences in his trade.

—The Middlesex conference of Universalist Sunday schools meets in the First Universalist church to-day, Jan. 20. There will be a symposium at 4.15 and supper at 6.15 p. m. The evening session will open at 7.30, with an address by Rev. D. S. Winchester, D. D., educational secretary of the Congregational Sunday School Association.

—The Walden Outing Club, officered by George W. Duffy, president, Louis F. McKenna vice, J. J. Dale treasurer, and Wm. Sullivan secretary, gave their annual mid-winter dance in the Auditorium on Monday evening. It furnished a highly enjoyable evening for the large number of friends attending and was a success for the management. Carey's orchestra furnished the music.

—At the annual meeting of the Universalist church last week, announcement was made of the receipt of a gift, to be set apart as the foundation of an endowment fund, to accumulate, both by other gifts, and also the interest, until it reaches a certain sum, when the entire income shall be used by the trustees according to their best judgment. The gift was accepted with gratitude and placed in the hands of the trustees. It has been designated as the "Bisbee Christmas Endowment Fund."

—Camp No. 45, Sons of Veterans, held a whist party in Grand Army Hall, Wednesday evening, when they and their friends who enjoy whist had a pleasant evening. Mrs. Byron Harwood took the first prize and Mrs. Alfred H. Knowles the second, while the others given souvenirs were Wm. A. Stevens, I. W. Floyd, B. W. Ham, C. F. Jaffrey, Mrs. O. J. Sebolt, C. B. Hurley. The committee of arrangements consisted of W. F. Stevens, C. B. Hurley, H. H. Bacon, O. J. Sebolt, Fred Ennis, Clifford Ross, E. H. Griffin. Consolation prizes were given to Mrs. E. H. Griffin and E. W. Ennis.

—While coming downstairs in her home on Thorndike street, a few days ago, Mrs. Moore missed her footing and fell the entire length of the stairs, striking her head and cutting it badly. Mrs. Moore had a basket of clothes, which she was carrying down preparatory to washing them, and the basket of clothes probably broke her fall and thus saved her from more serious injury. Dr. Daniel Buckley was called and he found it necessary to take 10 stitches in Mrs. Moore's head to close the wound. No bones were found to be broken and it is thought that other than the scalp wound no serious injuries were sustained.

—Mr. and Mrs. Winton, of 17 Forest street, had a narrow escape from serious injury Tuesday morning, in their home. The kitchen fire had gone out during the night and Mr. Winton attempted to light a new one, and shortly after he had lighted the fire there was an explosion in their home and the fire and bits of the front of the stove flew in all directions. Mr. Winton received a piece of the stove in the face and Mrs. Winton was also bruised, but neither one was seriously injured. During the night the hot water front of the stove had frozen and when the heat struck the frozen pipes there was a generation of steam in the pipes and hence the explosion.

—The program of music at the First Baptist church for Sunday, Jan. 22, will be as follows:—

GIVE THE ARLINGTON TRADES-PEOPLE YOUR SUPPORT.
Arlington Business Men's Association

What you can buy at our CANDY COUNTER at 20c. lb.

ROYAL MARSHMALLOWS (always fresh),
O. F. Chocolates,
Chocolate Chips,
Primrose Mixture,
Butterscotch Wafers,
Cream Almonds,
Nut Flakes,
Pop Corn Brittle,
Sunshine Kisses,
Molasses Peppermints,
Lemon Drops,
Hoarhound Squares,
Peppermint Flakes,
Peppermint Kisses,
Peach blossoms,
Lemon Gum Drops.

YERXA & YERXA

FOR MEN WHO SHAVE

We have all kinds of soap in cake, stick, powdered and cream in tubes. Some nice lather brushes from Twenty-five cents to Two and a half dollars. Gillette, Gem, and the famous Leslie Spira Kit Safety Razors.

The Whittemore Pharmacy

653 Massachusetts Avenue, Arlington, Mass.
18 January

The fire in the stove did not do any damage to the interior of the room and was extinguished in a very short time by Mr. Winton.

—Supt. Wm. Bradley, of the local moth work, has the applications in hand for work of this nature on private estates, sent him in response to circulars issued in the fall. These are being attended to in their order as far as possible. All will be looked after in an efficient way by the town force in due season and there is no need to feel exercised about the matter. It is much wiser to let the town men do this work, under the direction of Supt. Bradley, for others are apt to prove unreliable. It is gratifying to note that citizens are looking after this matter of moth extermination sharply, for it augurs well for the future welfare of the town.

—The funeral of Robert Adams, husband of Mrs. Catherine Murray Adams, was held from his late residence, 7 Henderson street, Wednesday morning. Services were held in St. Agnes church, consisting of a solemn high mass of requiem which was celebrated by Rev. George H. Quigley celebrant, Rev. Michael J. Owens, pastor of St. Bridget's church of Lexington, deacon, and Rev. Joseph P. Lawless, subdeacon. The service was attended by a large number and there were many beautiful floral tributes. The bearers were John Harkins, Thomas Adams, Frank Adams, William Haggerty, John Donahue and Nicholas Burke. Interment was in Calvary cemetery.

—The funeral of Mrs. Hannah (O'Brien) Collins, wife of Patrick Collins, was held Sunday afternoon at her late residence, 43 Beacon street. The body was taken to St. Agnes church, where services were held by Rev. George H. Quigley. There were many floral tributes. Interment was in Mt. Pleasant cemetery. Monday morning in St. Agnes church, a high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Quigley. Mrs. Collins was a resident of this town many years, and is survived by her husband and two sons, Denis J. Collins, past grand knight of Arlington Council, Knights of Columbus, and Timothy F. Collins of Boston. The family has the sympathy of the community, this being the second death in the family in six weeks, the only daughter dying a short time ago.

—Saturday morning, Jan. 14th, in St. Agnes church, a solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated for Miriam J. McDonald, who died Friday, Jan. 6th, from scarlet fever. Miss McDonald was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. McDonald of Brooks avenue, and was 15 years of age. The mass was celebrated by Rev. Joseph P. Lawless, with Michael J. Owens, pastor of St. Bridget's church, Lexington, deacon, and Rev. George H. Quigley, subdeacon. The service was attended by a very large number of classmates and several of the teachers from the Crosby school, and a large number from the Sodality of the church. The music for the service was sung by members of the choir of the church and Miss Lucy Nelson, of West Medford, presided at the organ.

—Tuesday evening, in Old Fellows' Hall, the recently elected officers of Jas. Ray Cole Lodge, K. of P., were publicly installed. The hall was filled with both sexes, and the work of installing the officers was performed by Supreme Representative John Ballantyne and suite in a most gratifying manner. The members of the local lodge had guests from lodges in surrounding towns and cities, and the evening was passed in a most enjoyable manner. The officers installed were:—

M. J. Manning, C. C.; Arthur B. Moulton, V. C.; Lem L. Katon, prelate; Wm. J. Henderson, M. of W.; Waldo A. Bacon, K. of R. and S.; Henry M. Boney, M. of P.; A. F. Breed, M. of E.; Frank Haven, M. A.; Oliver McDonald, I. G.; J. A. C. Stewart, O. G.

Following the installation a fine programme was presented, and consisted of piano selections by Waldo A. Bacon, readings by Miss Laura Belden, vocal numbers by Stanley Miller, monologue by Miss Fannie Stinson, tenor numbers by Gray Fifield, club swinging and bell swinging by Donnie Dineen. The evening closed with a collation, and the committee in charge was Waldo A. Bacon.

SUNDAY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK PAPERS

at
Whittemore Drug Store

After 12 o'clock noon
FRANK P. DYER

Arlington Woman's Exchange
661 Massachusetts Ave.

ORIENTAL FISH
From 25c. to \$1.50

Aquariums and all the furnishings can be supplied at considerable discount over Boston prices. INSPECTION and comparison invited.
W. STUART ALLEN
15 Court St., Arlington. Phone 417-1

Violin Instruction
Mildred McKay

73 Jason St. Tel. Arlington 390

on, Boyden Strang, E. E. Andrews, H. H. Bacon, Wm. J. Henderson and M. J. Manning.

—The district nurse's report for December, 1910, is as follows:—

Nursing visits	141
Casual	7
Cases	18
New cases	9
Medical	2
Surgical	2
Obstetrical	3
Tubercular	2
Operations	2
Deaths	1
Money collected	\$12.60
From Metropolitan Insurance Co.	18.80
spent in car fare	5.30

—The treasurer of the First Baptist church reported at the annual meeting that the total collections for beneficence for 1910 was \$1,905.60. Missions abroad received \$692.21. Missions at home received \$75.97. This does not include local charities or the beneficence of the Sunday school, the Young People's Society, or the women's missionary organization. The latter society contributed \$267.90. Of this amount \$82.00 went for missions abroad and \$107.00 for missions at home.

—George W. McLellan, proprietor of the well known local express in his name, was out for the first time on Monday of this week since he suffered an almost fatal attack of pneumonia some eight weeks ago. After recovering from pneumonia he underwent an operation for the removal of a tumor on his head just back of the right ear. Dr. E. D. Hooker performed the operation at his office, on Pleasant street, assisted by Dr. Merrill E. Chapman of this town, and which appears to have been attended with success in all particulars although the trouble was more serious than at first supposed. Mr. McLellan showed unusual fortitude in going through the ordeal for no anæsthetics were administered.

—Arlington Boat Club established a new team single string record in the match with South Boston Yacht Club Tuesday evening at Arlington, with a figure of 557, and defeated the yachtmen four straight points. The South Boston bowlers declared after the match that it was the first time they had ever lost four points in one match since they have been in the Suburban Interclub League.

The summary:—									
ARLINGTON.				SO. BOSTON Y. C.					
1.	2.	3.	T's	1.	2.	3.	T's		
Giles	117	137	91	345	McLagh	107	105	101	313
M'Ken	105	94	118	317	M'Lee	86	102	131	319
Brooks	112	115	92	319	Jacks'n	33	104	84	221
Chap'n	88	112	106	306	Henley	59	84	55	198
Dow	86	99	107	292	Ross	91	112	99	302
Totals 598 557 514 1579				Totals 476 509 510 1495					

—Mrs. Geo. W. W. Sears, chairman of the Civics Dept. of the Woman's Club, has arranged an interesting special meeting to be held at three, in Associates' Hall, Thursday afternoon, Jan. 26. Her young relative, Mrs. Gora Cutter Wellman, of Melrose, daughter of E. Cutter, the well known musical director, is the soloist of the afternoon, which is an attraction in itself, while Mrs. Sears has secured as the speaker of the afternoon, Thomas Curley, of the Mass. Civic League, to address the meeting. Mr. Curley will speak on recreation grounds and the purpose they serve in the development of the child mentally as well as physically. It is hoped the attendance will be large, as the talent secured is worthy of a large hearing.

—The Woman's Club met Thursday afternoon, at 3.30 o'clock, in Associates' Hall. Reports of the last two meetings and matters transacted by the board were read by Mrs. F. D. Sawyer. It was voted to hold the annual meeting this year on April 20th. It was also voted to hold a club luncheon the first Thursday in May, at one of the Boston hotels. After the disposal of other business, Mrs. Herbert W. Reed gave two groups of songs and responded to an encore, accompanied at the piano by Miss Katharine Yerrinton. They were, "The Prayer," from Tosca, "When the Roses Bloom," by Rechart, and two Irish songs. Mrs. Josephine P. Marks, the speaker announced, was unable to fill her engagement and her place was substituted by Minna Elliot Tenney, who gave an interesting stereoscopic lecture on Ireland, the land of the shamrock, which was acceptable in all respects.

—At Franklin Field, Wednesday afternoon, the Arlington High school hockey team won from English High, 5 to 1. Captain Nelson of the English High team, which has lost two previous games, had the team changed and played at goal himself. But even he was not able to stand the onslaught of Hadley and Parris, who drove the puck through for clean goals. Arlington has shown up strong throughout the season and played strong Wednesday. Shuttleworth, cover point for English, was injured during the first part of the game and was retired, to be supplanted by Pierce. The summary:—

ARLINGTON H. S.		ENGLISH HIGH.	
Ross	1	MacNaught	1
Osgood	1	Doan	1
Hadley	1	Parris	1
Parris	1	Doan	1
Low	1	Pierce	1
Landall	1	Shuttleworth	1
Buttrick	1	Putnam	1
Score, Arlington 5, English 1. Goals, Hadley 2, Parris 2, Osgood, Doan, Referee, Buckley, Timer, West. Time of periods, twenty and six minutes.			

—Cotting Hall at the High school was filled on Friday evening, Jan. 13th, by pupils, teachers and friends of the school entitled to tickets to the free course of lectures given under the auspices of the Pratt Fund. Principal Mitchell introduced as the lecturer of the evening, Mr. Edwin H. Foles, a superintendent of schools of a well known Connecticut city. Mr. Foles entitled his lecture "The High Heavens." It pertained to astronomical subjects and was full of interest to the novice and highly instructive. Fully one hundred fine views of the earth and the numerous other planets

Continued on 8th page.

THE FOURTH ESSENCE

It Helped Its Owner to Obtain His Object.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

Bob Pendleton and I had been friends for years until the inevitable woman stepped in between. For a while we were rivals for Eleanor's love, and then Pendleton lost out and disappeared entirely from our lives.

Eleanor lived only a few brief years, and I, who was then bereft of both friend and wife, was more alone than I had ever been. My business was of such a nature that I had much leisure—more than was good for me—and instead of returning to my home city, where old friends and old haunts awaited me, I closed the house where Eleanor and I had spent the brief and happy years of our married life and, winding up my business affairs, became a wanderer on the face of the earth.

I became absorbed in the study of Byzantine architecture and thus at the close of our year was lingering in Constantinople.

One night I was sitting in my favorite cafe dreaming over the events of the day when Pendleton's name sounded so distinctly in my ears that I leaped to my feet and looked around. The cafe was quite empty save for one or two Turks in a distant corner, the slipshod waiters and myself.

Bewildered, I sank back in my seat, only to be assailed by the insistent repetition of Pendleton's name. It seemed to be beating against some inner consciousness and was not, as I had at first supposed, an actual vocal demonstration.

Then, forgetting the bitterness he had held against me and remembering only the pleasure of our long friendship, I was impelled to go to him. I felt that he needed me—that somehow, in some way, he was calling me to come to him—and, following some blind instinct, I returned to my house, placed my courier in charge of my belongings, packed a portmanteau and at dawn the next morning had taken steamer for India.

With me constantly was the suggestion that Pendleton called me, and, as if guided by this invisible thread of desire, I entered a new country. At Dinapore I secured guides and hastened down to the ruins of the ancient city of Gaur.

We reached Gaur at sundown of a breathless day, and my arrival seemed to signal the departure of my fancies concerning Pendleton and his desire to see me. Once more I was the practical, level-headed individual who had held Pendleton's churlish attitude slightly in contempt. I marvelled at the delusion that had brought me thousands of miles to the suburbs of Gaur, yet I was bound to take advantage of the opportunity and investigate the ruins. Then I would return to Constantinople, for India did not interest me at that time.

Perhaps we were a couple of miles distant from any habitable portion of the city, for here the ruins of ancient edifices were surrounded by a thick jungle, and my guide, a low caste Hindu of scanty stature, told me that the jungle was infested with man-eating tigers.

My men were well armed, and as we had made camp in the crumbling upper story of what had once been a beautiful tiled temple we felt secure from marauding beasts.

Before the swift dusk fell and while my men were preparing the evening meal I picked my way down the broken ramp that led from the second story and wandered curiously among the ruins.

There was little to be learned there, for most of the traces of that once beautiful medieval city were either overgrown with vines and shrubs or else lay at this hour in deep shadow. Rounding a high wall, I found myself in a small temple.

A tall Brahmin priest bent above a stone altar, and at the sound of my footsteps he turned and without evincing surprise at my intrusion calmly advanced and slid into place a slab of stone that served as a door, thus cutting off my retreat.

"Open that door, please," I commanded sharply.

I had spoken in English, and to my surprise he answered in the same tongue, and his voice was vaguely familiar.

"It is too late. I have sent for you, and you have come. Do you not recognize me, Brayton?" He lighted a resinous torch and, sticking it in the wall, held his face in its light.

I looked and stared and stared again, incredulous at first and then convinced that it was Bob Pendleton himself. His skin was burned to the color of mahogany; his hair was concealed under a folded white cloth; his eyebrows were shaven, and his black orbs rolled fiercely in their deep sockets. Handsome he was, as he ever had been, but wretchedly worn and emaciated, and so changed from the handsome, buoyant fellow I had known that I might not have recognized him save for the deep bell notes of his voice. His fierce unfriendliness as expressed by the malignant glitter of his eyes brought forcibly to my mind our strained relations.

"Bob Pendleton! My God, man, what are you doing here?" I gasped at last.

"Waiting for you, Brayton," he said, with an odd laugh.

"Waiting for me?" I repeated stupidly. "Why, then, is why I came, of course. You needed me."

"Wanted you—I don't need you," he sneered. "But I called you, didn't I—across five seas and the empire of India?"

"By some superhuman power you did summon me. I am here. If you do not need me I will go. Bob, do you still hold that grudge against me? It was a fair fight and"—

He held up a long, thin hand. "Be still," he said harshly. "I do hold the grudge. I have nurtured it these years past, and now my turn has come. She did not come with you, Brayton? No? Strange. I sent her a most appealing call, and time was when she was not entirely indifferent to me."

Glowing down at me from his tall height, he smiled cynically and turned to the altar, which held nothing save a small square box of some rare wood. I suspected he was insane, and yet there was a certain deadly purpose about everything he did and said that impressed me with a degree of fear that he might not be mad.

The silence of the little shrine buried deep in the heart of this ancient ruined city, the roar of a tiger from the jungle outside, the very thought of my utter isolation from all mankind, my only companion this half mad enemy.

"My men will be looking for me, Pendleton. Just open this door, will you, please?" I asked in a matter of fact tone.

He turned, snarling: "My men, Brayton. I paid them to meet you at Dinapore and offer their services. Now they are miles back on the road. You are quite alone with me, entirely in my power, and when I am through—there are the jackals and vultures, you know?" He bent over the table once more.

"If one of us must die I believe I have the advantage, Bob," I leveled my revolver at him, and, though my hand was cool, my hands trembled slightly, for Pendleton had once been my friend.

"They are empty, fool," he said bitterly. "My men removed the charges en route." He flung this over his shoulder, still busied over the little box.

It was true. The cartridges had been removed, but if the worst came to pass, as it undoubtedly would from Pendleton's attitude toward me, I could use them as clubs.

Suddenly he faced about and spoke rapidly, with many gesticulations of his thin hands.

"Years ago, Phil Brayton, you won out in a certain game. I swallowed my disappointment and went away. I have gone up and down the world looking for peace of mind and body, and there is none. I loved Eleanor Neal as no woman was ever loved before, as no woman will be loved again, and I still love her. I have been in every country on the globe; I have had experiences; I have seen mysteries that you never dreamed of. I have become what no white man on God's earth dared hope to attain; I am—But I will not tell you that."

"Here, in one of the dead cities of the world, isolated as one may hope to be, I have waited for you to come and take your medicine. You have loved her for years. I have been banished. Fate shall decide this night between us as Eleanor once chose. On this altar you see these four tiny crystal cups. The first contains the essence of supreme happiness, the second the essence of perfect love, the third the essence of immeasurable content. The fourth essence is never mind; it shall be unnamed."

"I have arranged them, and you may rearrange them as you please. You see they all contain a colorless liquid, and there is no outward distinction between them. Then you may choose one and shall drink it, and according to its contents so shall your fate be."

He leaned carelessly against the altar, smiling down at my perplexed face.

"And you what are you to do?" I breathed quickly.

"Why, Brayton, I believe I shall have my day, my share of happiness. If you should happen to choose the fourth essence—why, Eleanor will be a widow and I may console her. Do you doubt my power?"

"Why not murder me outright?" I questioned calmly. "Your essences are a fool's trickery, Bob. Supreme happiness, perfect love and immeasurable content are all attained by drinking the fourth essence, and that is—"

"What?" he demanded fiercely.

"Death."

He bowed his head sullenly. "Yet you must drink or die—die anyway, that I may live and have my share of happiness," he said doggedly.

Slowly I unbent my coat and drew forth from a hidden pocket a leather case. In the front of the case was a miniature of my wife, Eleanor. Slipped in the back of the case was a newspaper clipping of her death. Without a word I gave the paper into his unwilling hand. He held it to the light, devoured it with lightning glance, and a look of poignant suffering came into his face for a brief moment.

Then, tossing it back to me, he broke into a joyful laugh. "Ah, Phil, I win at last." He snatched at one of the cups, drained it, and, while I struggled to detain him, he drank the others one at a time.

When the first hot red rays of the morning sun broke through the slit of window they fell on his dead face. All the anger and bitterness had fled. He looked young and beautiful, as if he had attained to supreme happiness, perfect love and immeasurable content—these the gift of the fourth essence, the key to the spirit world.

What He Heard.

John is his name, and he lives in Newburg. Further personal details are not necessary. Now, John has a wife who is not as charitable as she might be, and she has a woman friend who has domestic troubles of her own and therefore can and does sympathize with John's wife. Just what time it was when John came in the other morning deponent knoweth not, but certainly it was no sort of time for a married man to be getting home, and his wife told him so, though he knew it perfectly well without being told.

Next morning after John had gone to his office his wife called up the other woman on the telephone and told about John. The other woman was all sympathy, and what the two had to say about the kind of husband John was was more than plenty. In the thick of it a friend of John's got on the wire—not intentionally, of course, for he thought John was a model, but he got there, and it sounded good enough to him to stay and listen. But not for long. Presently he coughed, and there was a sudden silence.

"Who's that?" inquired John's wife. "It's John," responded the friend and hung up the receiver.—New York Press.

The Waste of the Wind.

Every one who wants a cheap motive force has tried to harness the wind. Every child has made a paper propeller or a windmill. But can it be said that the possible uses of the wind have been as ardently investigated as such recently discovered forces as steam and electricity and gases? Is it not conceivable that the practical uses of the wind are underestimated just because they are so familiar?

We cannot help thinking that the wind will be more variously employed some day in the same way that probably the problem of laying under contribution the great physical fact of the tides will be solved. One would think that the wind could be used for electric lighting, yet there is no practical apparatus for the purpose. True, the wind is variable and occasionally absent, but as electricity can be stored one might suppose that this was the very case in which variability did not particularly matter.—London Spectator.

The Clever Shoe Clerk.

At the close of considerable time and labor one high grade shoe house is bound to protect its goods. On a rainy day a woman wearing wet shoes went in to buy rubbers. The clerk measured the width and length of her shoes, removed them and brought a new pair of the same size to try on. Visions of a depleted pocketbook caused her to exclaim, "But I don't want new shoes, only rubbers."

"I understand," said the clerk. "I am only slipping these shoes on to fit the rubbers over. It suits the inside of a rubber to slip it on over a wet shoe. Then if it doesn't fit and the customer doesn't take it it is spoiled for the next customer."

"And the outcome of that experience was," said the woman, "that I bought the shoes as well as the rubbers and had them sent home C. O. D. Maybe that was what he was working for all the time."—New York Sun.

Oddest of Queer Fishes.

A queer fish that does not swim is the "sargasso fish," known to sailors as the "frogfish." It lives in that vast mass of floating gulfweed called the Sargasso Sea, in mid-Atlantic.

Its pectoral fins are so modified and developed as to resemble arms, and it uses them for clinging to the weed. Very gaudily colored, it changes its hues to match the aquatic vegetation by which it is surrounded, and when the latter decays and turns brown it assumes a corresponding shade.

The fish lays its eggs in a jelly-like mass, which, absorbing a great quantity of water, becomes three times as big as the mother fish herself, assuming the form of a narrow raft three or four feet long and two to four inches wide.—New York World.

Parnell.

I never saw a braver man than Parnell. The story of his downfall is one of the most pathetic in history. There is a rumor that Captain O'Shea said to Gambetta: "What are we going to do with Parnell? He is getting to be a great danger to the country." And Gambetta replied, "Set a woman on his track." And the woman, instead of betraying him, fell in love with this patriot, and that was his undoing.—"Recollections of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor."

To Discourage Him.

"George," said her husband's wife, "I don't believe you have smoked one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday."

"That's right, my dear," replied his wife's husband, "I'm going to keep them until our Willie wants to learn to smoke."—Chicago News.

Confused.

"She hasn't any confidence in her husband, has she?"

"No. She caught him telling the truth the other day, and now she can't do him out at all."—Toledo Blade.

All Right, Perhaps.

Patient Father—Dearie, baby's eating my glove now. Is it all right? Dearie (from above)—Oh, quite all right—(pause)—you're sure it's yours?—Punch.

Got It Right.

New Reporter—The auto turned ter-rapin, and— City Editor—You mean turned turtle. New Reporter—Well, it was a high priced machine.—Judge.

WASHING FURNITURE.

Easy to Restore Tarnished Pieces to Original Freshness.

"Very few people know that furniture ought to be washed," said a salesman in the furniture section of a large department store. "Yet," he continued, "it is the best thing one can do to keep furniture looking as well as it should. One should take a bucket of tepid rain water and make a suds with a good pure soap. Then with a soft piece of cheesecloth all the woodwork should be washed. It is astonishing how much dirt will come off. A second piece of cheesecloth should be wrung dry out of hot water. On this should be poured a tablespoon of first class furniture polish. The heat will spread the polish through the cloth. Next the furniture should be gone over with the second cloth. There will be no need of putting on more polish, for that much will do all one needs. Too many persons make the mistake of using too much polish and leaving it thick on the furniture, where it looks dauby and where it gathers more dirt."

There is furniture in homes today that is cast off because of its appearance when it might be brought back to its original freshness by this simple process of washing. Many persons do not know that a fine bit of mahogany is improved by careful washing, and hundreds of pianos have never been more than dusted in years. A square of cheesecloth for the washing and another for the polishing will do the work, and the result will well repay the effort.—Indianapolis News.

HOT DRINKS.

If Taken Above 130 Degrees They Injure the Stomach.

Many people without realizing it are in the habit of drinking tea at much too high a temperature. Sir Henry Thompson points out in his book on "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity."

"Few persons are aware that they habitually swallow hot liquids, tea especially, at a temperature which if applied to the hands or feet would inflict painful scalds. Most tea drinkers take it about 140 to 145 degrees F., which the mouth bears very well if slowly sipped, while the cup itself is too hot to be held by any hand."

"But the habit of swallowing such tea is injurious to the stomach, and it ought not to be taken above 130 degrees or so. Again, water at 120 degrees, which feels a little more than lukewarm in the mouth, causes severe pain if the hand is dipped in it and cannot be endured."

He has, however, some good words to say for the early morning tea.

"This morning tea in any case should be taken at least an hour and a half before the first meal of the day. For many years I have been accustomed to write for an hour every morning in bed after tea, as I am doing at this moment, and at no time do I find the brain clearer for work, while the appetite for solid food is excellent when the hour for breakfast arrives."

Trudging For the Wash.

The Portuguese country people as a usual thing have great physical endurance, doubtless as a result of the "survival of the fittest" for many generations. The laundry workers are an example of this. People come in from long distances to get soiled clothes of city customers. The clothes will be placed in big tubs on the family donkey, and the porters will start back late in the afternoon. Some of them will travel all night and it will be sunup before they reach their homes, many miles from Lisbon or Oporto. A day or two later they are trudging back to deliver the clothes, now spotlessly clean, and to get another lot from the same patron. Many a countryman and his wife take a jaunt of fifty miles or more, which makes one think that there might be many who could rival the feats of Weston and O'Leary as walkers if they tried.—Christian Herald.

An Early "Trust."

As an example of trusts and monopolies prevalent even in that early day it may be mentioned that in 1750 one Benjamin Crabb obtained the exclusive right to make sperm candles in Massachusetts for fourteen years. A year later, however, a factory was started in Providence, R. I., and within the decade there were eight factories in New England and one in Philadelphia. Their output greatly reduced the price of candles, which not long before sold for 5 shillings a pound. In those days \$1.25 was worth fully three times as much as it is now.—N. Hudson Moore in Designer.

The Sixteenth Century Critic.

"But why, prithee," contended the first critic, "should this new play-wright, Shixpur, have introduced a comic shavdiggig scene into his tragedy, perdie?"

"'Tis easy of solution, by hen," answered the second critic. "Our author hath put in gravediggers for the purpose of unearthing a plot! Boy, a cup of sack!"

Wit was crude in them days.—Cleveland Leader.

Placing the Blame.

Little Eva—Mamma, didn't you say that if my new dolly got broke somebody would have to be spanked? Mamma—Yes, dear. Little Eva—Well, she broke her arm today. Spank her, please.—Exchange.

Interested.

"What did the rhinoceros do when you fired at him?" asked the eager listener.

"He just stood still and watched me run."—Washington Star.

Arlington Fire Alarm Box Locations.

- 13 Corner Henderson and Savin Streets.
- 14 Corner Mass. Avenue and Teal Street.
- 15 Corner Mass. Avenue and Lake Street.
- 16 Corner Mass. Avenue opp. Tuffs Street.
- 16B Mass. Ave. bet. Palmer and Wyman Streets.
- 17 Lake Street, opposite D. Wyman's house.
- 21 North Union Street, opposite Fremont.
- 21B Broadway, near Gardner's.
- 22 Town Hall (Police Station).
- 23 Junction Broadway and Warren Street.
- 24 Beacon Street, near Warren.
- 25 Hoxe's House, Broadway.
- 26 Corner Medford Street and Lewis Avenue.
- 27 Corner Mystic and Summer Streets.
- 28 Mystic Street, near Fairview Avenue.
- 29 Kensington Park.
- 30 Pleasant Street, near Lake Street.
- 31 Pleasant Street opp. Gray.
- 32 Pleasant Streets bet. Addison and Wellington.
- 33 Town Hall.
- 37 Russell Street, corner Russell Terrace.
- 38 Academy Street, near Maple.
- 39 Mass. Avenue near Mill Street.
- 40 Jason Street near Irving.
- 41 Mass. Avenue, near Schooler Court.
- 42 Corner Summer and Grove Streets.
- 43 Hoxe's House, Massachusetts Avenue.
- 44 Brattle Street, near R. R. Station.
- 45 Massachusetts Avenue opp. Forest Street.
- 46 Westminister Avenue cor. Westmoreland Ave.
- 47 Cor. Park Avenue and Lowell St.
- 48 Elevated R. R. Car House.
- 49 Corner Florence and Hillside Avenues.
- 50 Hoxe No. 1, House, Park Ave.
- 51 Appleton Street near Oakland Avenue.
- 52 Massachusetts Avenue near Hibbert Street.
- 53 Forest Street, north of R. R. tracks.

SIGNALS.

2. Two blows for test at 6.45 a. m., and 6.45 p. m.
3. Two blows—Diamond Signal.
- 3-3. Three blows twice—Second Alarm.
- 3-3-3. Three blows, three times—Third Alarm.
- 3-3-3-3. Four rounds at 7.15 (High school only) and 8.15 a. m., and 12.45 and 1.15 p. m.—No School Signal.
8. Eight blows—Forest Fire Signal, followed by two rounds of Box, nearest fire.
10. Ten blows—Out of Town Signal.
- 12-12. Twelve blows twice—Police Call.

WALTER H. PEIRCE, Chief.

R. W. LEBARON, Supt. of Wires.

Call 'Em UP.

For the convenience of our readers we give below a list of all our local advertisers who are connected by telephone. The telephone is coming to be an absolute necessity for business men who wish to accommodate their customers, and at the same time secure orders by making it easy to communicate with them.

Arlington Police Station,	407
Arlington Town Hall,	
Board of Selectmen,	307-2
Assessors' Office,	307-3
Town Engineer & Water Registrar,	307-4
Town Treasurer and Auditor,	307-5
Tax Collector,	307-3
Clerk,	307-4
Arlington Insurance Agency,	
Geo. Y. Wellington & Son,	308-5
Bacon, Arthur L., mason,	308-2
J. F. Berton, painter and decorator,	30-4
First National Bank of Arlington,	192
Fletcher, express,	148-7
Gratto, William,	94-1
C. W. Grosmeth,	172-3
Also, public telephone,	2187-1
Holt, James O., grocer,	580
" " provision dealer,	442-2
Hardy, N. J., caterer,	112-2
Hartwell, J. H. & Son, undertakers,	127-2 & 3
Hatfield, J. V. N., Carpenter	Arlington 307-4
Hilliard, R. W., insurance,	Main, 3684
Keeley Institute,	Lexington, 83
Kentley, Geo. W., carpenter,	Arlington, 16-4
Locke, Frank A., piano tuner,	Waltham 317-2
Lexington Lumber Co.,	150
Lexington Town Hall,	16-2
Lyman Lawrence, hardware,	Lexington, 6-2
Marshall, A. A., Lexington, 44 and 2	
Marston, C. F., Old Upham, Market,	535
Marston, O. R.,	299-3
Myers, Alfred E., Jeweler,	Haymarket 112
Muller, Wm., insurance,	Main, 3894
Nourse, A. L., manicure,	14-3
Osgood, Dr. H. B., dentist, Lexington,	121-1
Pelree & Winn Co., coal,	206-3
Parker, C. S. & Son, printers,	141
M. S. Parkhurst,	585-2
Prince, W. A., provisions,	149-3
Reardon, E., florist,	96-3
Shattuck, R. W. & Co.,	114
Spaulding, Geo. W., Lexington, 28-3	
Taylor's London Furriers, Boston, 0x, 246-4	
Wellington, Frank Y., notary public,	308-4
Wetherbee, Bros.,	414-3
Wood, Bros., Expressmen,	149-3
Yerxa & Yerxa, grocers,	144
" " " "	14-4
" " " "	64-3
" " " "	64-3
" " " "	64-2

If any of our advertisers have been inadvertently omitted from above list, and will ring us up, we shall be pleased to add their names in our next issue.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.
Number.
4 Centre Engine House.
5 Mass. Ave., near Town Hall.
6 Warren St., opp. Mrs. W. R. Munroe's.
7 Clark and Forest Sts.
8 Cor. Grant and Sherman Sts.
9 " " Mass. Ave. and Woburn St.
10 " " Woburn and Vine Sts.
11 " " Woburn and Lowell Sts.
12 Lowell St., near Arlington line.
13 Cor. Bloomfield and Eustis Sts.
14 Mass. Ave., near Percy Road.
15 East Lexington Engine House.
16 Cor. Mass. and Independence Avenues.
17 Cor. Mass. Ave. and Pleasant St.
18 " " Pleasant and Watertown Sts.
19 Mass. Ave., opp. East Lexington Depot.
20 Cor. Mass. Ave. and Sylvia St.
21 Bedford St., opp. John Hinchey's.
22 Cor. Bedford and Revere Sts.
23 Bedford Street, No. Lexington Depot.
24 Bedford Street, opp. Morton Reed's.
25 Cor. Ash and Reed Sts.
26 Cor. Mass. Ave. and Elm Avenue.
27 " " Mass. Ave. and Parker St.
28 " " Mass. Ave. and Cedar St.
29 " " Lincoln and School Sts.
30 Hancock St., near Hancock Ave.
31 Cor. Hancock and Adams Sts.
32 " " Adams and East Sts.
33 " " Lowell and East Sts.
34 " " Burlington and Grove Sts.
35 Waltham St., opp. C. H. Wiswell's.
36 Cor. Waltham and Middle Sts.
37 " " Waltham St. and Concord Ave.
38 Oakland St., opp. A. E. Locke's.
39 Cor. Chandler and Merriam Sts.

PRIVATE BOXES.

10 Morris Estate, Lowell St.
36 Electric Car Station, No. Lexington
333 No School Signal

GEO. A. CAMMAL AUCTIONEER

65 WINN ST., WOBURN
Personal attention given to sales any where in the State. 1200-320

JAMES T. SWAN, CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT.

60 STATE ST., BOSTON.
Tel. Fort Hill 819. Residence: Newton North 968-3

HEMMED IN BY LIONS.

A Bad Case of Stage Fright and a Record Stunt in Singing.

Stage fright of the sort that afflicted Whit Cunliffe, at one time a prominent singer in English music halls, is not avoidable. Fortunately also it is not common. At a place where he was engaged in Birmingham one of the attractions was a lion show, some of the beasts being really wild and untamed. Nearly the whole stage was taken up with the "cage"—the animal show.

"Just as I was going on," said Cunliffe in telling the incident, "I heard a hurried rush and confused shouting, and some one slammed an iron gate. I heard

TIMELY HINTS FOR FARMERS

Put the Manure on the Field.

Professor Ten Eyck of the Kansas experiment station says: "In my judgment it is best to haul the manure direct from the stable to the field where this can be economically done. The manure is not improved especially by being left in the shed, but if it is not possible to haul it to the field and spread it at once as soon as it is made then it is much preferable to have the manure stored in the shed rather than leave it exposed to the weather in an open yard. A good method of feeding cattle and making manure is to feed under sheds. The tramping of the manure by the cattle will pack it and cause it to hold moisture so that it will keep in good condition for a long time with little loss."

Brood Mares in Winter.

Brood mares during the winter previous to foaling, if not worked daily, should be kept in an open yard sheltered from storms. Daily exercise is very important to them during this period.

Mares that are not in the harness during the winter should have free access to a rack filled with fresh straw or hay, with a few ears of corn daily. This is an economical as well as a safe way to feed mares during the winter.

Ashes For Fruit Trees.

Save all the wood ashes and use around fruit trees as a fertilizer. Wood ashes are especially good for peach trees, and they will benefit all fruit trees and vines. In using them as a fertilizer do not place any against the trunk of the tree, since the strong alkali will spoil the bark. Scatter them thinly on the soil over a circle as big as the top of the tree. The feeding roots run out farther than the longest branches of the tree.

Mixed Sheep Poor Investment.

Mutton sheep should never be of mixed breeds on one farm. Get one good mutton breed and stick to it and develop it to the highest notch possible. A lot of mixed lambs never bring the highest price on the market. It is those of one breed, uniform in size, shape and condition, that get the big money.

FEEDING ANIMAL MATTER TO HENS.

Value of Green Bone as a Producer of Winter Eggs.

The oldest works on the subject of poultry recommend feeding animal matter in some form, but it is only in recent years that feeding green bone has become popular.

Up until about 1880 winter egg production was not much of a feature, great as the demand was, for the reason that there seemed no possible way of getting the hens down to solid work. There was an improvement, however, when better houses, better feeding and better care were employed, but still the supply was meager considering the output at the present day.

According to an analysis by Professor James E. Rice, the nutritive value of green bone is 1.53, which is greater than any other form of meat—meat scraps, dried blood, dried fish or animal meal.

Hens are worm and insect hunters, and where they do not have range must be supplied a substitute in some form. Particularly in summer the handiest meat food is meat scrap and meat meal, many brands of which are on the market. Green bone is better for fall, winter and early spring use. It is safe to feed in an egg ration one-tenth to one-fifth by weight of meat in the total ration, the quantity varying with the richness of the meat and other foods used. It is best to mix the meat in the meal feed. But in the case of green cut bone it is more satisfactory to feed in troughs, allowing a pound of green bone for every sixteen fowls, or an ounce per head.

Mistakes have been made in feeding green bone in giving too liberal a quantity. An excess will produce aggravated diarrhea and worms, and a too liberal supply of meat scrap is apt to cause an overfat condition of the fowls.

Farm Wisdom.

The April hatched pullets should now be laying. They certainly are if they have been given the proper feed and care.

If you have any little potatoes the hens can make good use of them. Boil them up soft and feed a ration now and then.

Meat scraps put up especially for the hens may be had in almost any market, and it is a very necessary egg producing feed at this time. Crushed oyster shells are needed also.

An essential to the hen's comfort in cold weather is a floor where no drafts are felt.—Farm Journal.

Cold Weather Rations For Sheep.

Winter rations for mutton sheep should consist of fine, well cured hay, about four pounds of ensilage or roots with a grain ration approximating the following: Two parts of each of wheat, bran, oats and corn and one part of oilmeal, divided into feeds daily.

Poe's Short Stories.

There are in the best of Poe's brief tales a constructive skill, a command of design and a gift of decoration rare in any literature and almost unknown in English, which is ever unduly negligent of form. And no one need wonder that Poe's short stories wander, I swiftly out of our languages into French and Italian and Spanish, into German and Scandinavian and Bohemian, into strange tongues where no other American author, except Fenimore Cooper, had ever before penetrated. His weird psychological studies have influenced later writers as unlike as Maupassant and Richepin, Flitz-james, O'Brien, Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling. His tales of a mystery solved at last by observation and deduction have been imitated by Dumas and Sardou, by Gaboriau and Bolskoyev, by Wilkie Collins and Conan Doyle. And Sherlock Holmes, the only fictitious character to win international recognition in the final years of the nineteenth century, is the reincarnation of a figure first projected by Poe.—Brander Matthews in Century.

Making a Cake With the Bible.

The following unique recipe for Scripture cake is copied from an old English cookbook. For the ingredients and directions for making the cake you must refer to the Bible, in the chapters and verses given here-with. It may be added that by carefully following the directions you will be able to make a most delicious cake—the very best thing for a Sunday afternoon tea.

Four and a half cups of 1 Kings iv, 22; half pound Judges v, 25; two cups Jeremiah xl, 20; two cups Nahum iii, 12; two cups 1 Samuel xxx, 12; two cups Numbers xviii, 8; two teaspoonfuls 1 Samuel xiv, 25; to taste, 11 Chronicles ix, 25; six Jeremiah xlv, 11; one and a half cups Judges iv, 19; two teaspoonfuls Amos iv, 5; one pinch Leviticus ii, 13; directions, Proverbs xxiii, 14; bake one and a half to two hours. Baking powder may be used instead of yeast or leaven, as it is termed in the Bible.

The Handkerchief Came From Italy.

A writer in a London review points out that the handkerchief does not come to us from China, as has been generally believed, but from Italy. It is only 300 years ago that the handkerchief of a Venetian lady was considered a great curiosity. The handkerchief crossed the Alps and was received with great favor at the court of France. Handkerchiefs were then made of cambric or lawn and bordered with Venetian or Alencon lace. Under Henry III of France the sachet was introduced. The handkerchief was taken into Germany a little later and was known as the "fazzelinet" after its Italian name. Only persons of quality used it, and an edict in 1555 was published at Dresden intimating the use of the handkerchief among the trading classes.—London Globe.

Careful of His Gun.

In one of the small mountain towns of Kentucky lived Dan, a half-wit with whom the boys often went hunting. On one of these trips Dan and the young man with him were between two hills when a rabbit jumped up in front of them and ran up the hill to Dan's right. The other fellow, being on Dan's left, did not wish to take the chance of shooting at the rabbit for fear of an accident, so he said: "There he goes, Dan! Shoot him, shoot him!" But Dan simply stood still and watched the rabbit disappear over the hill, and his partner wanted to know why he didn't shoot. After a moment's silence he answered, talking through his nose: "Did you take me for a fool? Do you think I was going to strain my gun shooting uphill?"—Judge.

Spoiled the Solemnity.

Joseph H. Choate when ambassador to the court of St. James and Mark Twain were together in St. George's chapel, London, one hot day, both seemingly sobered by the solemnity of the place.

"What an awful thing it is!" Twain began in a whisper.

Mr. Choate leaned closer to catch some ponderously sad expression from the humorist.

"What an awful thing it is," Twain repeated, "to be shut up in a place where one cannot smoke."

Beyond the Styx.

"I believe you were called the father of your country," remarked the shade of Bonaparte. "Did you like the title?"

"I did," answered the shade of Washington, "but between you and me I'd hate to be even a stepfather to some of the cities therein today."—Exchange.

An Untamed Rascal.

"I don't think there is an honest hair in his head."

"That's right. I believe he'd even cheat at checkers!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fortunate.

Sailor—Just at that moment my father received a bullet that cut off both his arms and legs and threw him into the sea. Fortunately he knew how to swim.—Paris Rire

His Punishment.

"What makes you so late?" "I had words with the teacher."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I couldn't spell them."—Lip-pincott's.

Fencing.

Mother—I just got a letter from Ephraim saying how he's took up fencing in college. Father—Rail, stone or barb?—Cornell Widow.

NATURE'S PAINT BRUSH.

Colors, Shades and Tints That Cannot Be Reproduced by Man.

Nature paints in the most striking colors and shades and tints with a delicacy never achieved by the brush in the hands of the artist. The highest ambition of the manufacturer of paints is to produce colors which look like nature's. The shade never succeeded. Grass has a green of its own. So has the leaf and so has the distant ocean. None of these has ever been reproduced and put in cans with a price label on them.

Winter apples now repose on the shelves of the paint chemists. Honor awaits the man who can combine colors to produce the tints of red of the Baldwin and Northern Spy. They come pretty near it, that is all. The same is true of the colors with which October first touches the maple leaf.

If all the paint grinding works in the world were multiplied ten thousand times they couldn't turn out pigment enough in a year to do what nature does in a change from season to season.

Nature's brush is busy everywhere all the time. In the life of a leaf it applies the brush day by day, following with its tints from budding time until it flutters from the branch. It touches the valleys and the hills, the growing grains, the flowering plants. Never is it idle.—New York World.

Legend of Holyrood Palace.

Holyrood palace, Edinburgh, Scotland, once a British royal residence, is the subject of a strange legend. Robert Louis Stevenson alludes to it in his little book on Edinburgh. "There is a silly story," he writes, "of a subterranean passage between the castle of Holyrood and a bold highland piper who volunteered to explore its windings. He made his entrance by the upper end, playing a strathspey. The curious footed it after him down the street, following his descent by the sound of the chanter from below, until all of a sudden, about the level of St. Giles', the music came abruptly to an end and the people in the street stood at fault with hands uplifted. Whether he was choked with gases or perished in a quag or was removed bodily by the evil one remains a point of doubt, but the piper has never again been seen or heard of from that day to this."

National Short-sightedness.

"In this country," said the sociologist, "everything possible is done to discourage people from marrying."

"How so?" inquired one of the listeners.

"You have to buy the marriage license, fee the preacher, the boys give you what they call a 'shivaree,' your friends throw old shoes at you, the newspapers print caricatures of you, life insurance agents hound you, you bump right up against the cost of living, and if you and you've made a mistake you have to go to no end of trouble to get a divorce."—Chicago Tribune.

His Strong Point.

"This is a pretty bad report card," said the father of the young hopeful as he looked over the teacher's figures. "You seem to be 'poor' in pretty much everything."

"That's 'cause teacher only puts down the studies I ain't good in. I ought to have 'excellent' in one thing."

"And what's that?" hopefully inquired the father.

"Fighting. I can lick any boy in the class!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Shop.

"Take your arm away, sir!" sharply exclaimed the indignant maiden.

"So," said the young editor musingly, "an unexpected accident, we regret to say, prevents our going to press."—Chicago Tribune.

Judged It by Himself.

Tawkins: Why does a hen cross the road? Poorleigh: Really don't know! A hen hasn't any tailor.—Boston Transcript.

BY S. R. KNIGHTS & COMPANY, AUCTIONEERS

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by George F. Grant to Harriet L. Thayer and Lemuel H. Babcock, as they are surviving Executors of the will of Lyman Hollingsworth, dated July 2, 1896, recorded with Suffolk Deeds, libro 257, page 430, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, book 3568, page 413, which mortgage was duly assigned to the undersigned—for breach of the condition of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises first hereinafter described, on Wednesday, February 1st, 1911, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises hereinafter described, viz:

Two certain parcels of land severally bounded and described as follows:—
First. A parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the Western side of Charles Street in said Boston, bounded Easterly by said Charles Street 19 feet, Southerly by lands now or late of H. Torry, K. A. Gile and C. A. Gile, 60 feet, Westerly by land now or late of C. W. Parker, 19 feet, Northerly by land of O'Brien, formerly of the heirs of John A. Andrew, 60 feet by said measurements more or less. Said premises are subject to the restrictions and stipulations referred to in deed dated November 19, 1899, recorded with Suffolk Deeds, libro 1910, folio 273, so far as they now have any force, especially in relation to the right of the owners of said land in the party walls on either side thereof. Also subject to a mortgage for \$8000 to the Home Savings Bank, dated July 2, 1896, recorded with Suffolk Deeds.

Second. A parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the Eastern side of the County of Middlesex, in the part thereof called Arlington Heights, being lot numbered 11 in Block 7 of Section B on plan of said section drawn by Whitman & Brooks, South District Deeds, libro 1310, folio 455, the principal of said mortgage now remaining unpaid amounting to \$1400. Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, tax titles or other municipal liens, \$200 will be required to be paid at time of sale. For further particulars apply to Andrew Blume, Atty.-at-Law, 27 School Street Boston.

LEMUEL H. BABCOCK, Assignee of said mortgage.
Boston, Jan. 5, 1911.

IN THE REALM OF FASHION

Stripes Fashionable For Spring.

The costumes fashionable this season one must admit are peculiar to the period of 1910-11. They show many traces of other years, but each is subdued and brought into harmony with others until the result is highly delightful in effect. The eccentric gown has passed away, and the season's modes in general are artistic when worn by the artistic type of woman. They may, however, be adapted to the average figure, for no one style prevails except the narrow skirt which is now universally worn.

There are indications that stripes will be fashionable in the spring, and



SOMETHING STUNNING FOR SPRING.

the smart costume shown in the sketch, designed for wear at Palm Beach, illustrates the style of gown that will be favored for early spring. It is developed in black and white serge, with a bolero effect in the bodice over a blouse of heavy white lace. The gored skirt has stripes of the material down either side of the front and a border of the same. Large ornamental buttons give a smart decorative note. A giraffe and neck bow of black satin are worn and the contrast completed by a black satin hat.

EFFECT OF THE NEW VEILINGS.

No Longer Disfiguring Massing of Design on One Cheek.

Disfiguring though the veils patterned with spiders, foliage and other curious designs have been pronounced on every side, they have survived in a modified form.

The new veils are of a silky texture and have large mesh and shadow designs upon them. Large flowers are represented, birds and even beasts are vaguely indicated upon the mesh, and there is a strange appreciation for tiny tree patterns, showing their roots, as well as the leafy branches. The plan of massing the design on one cheek only or elsewhere has given way before the more elegant one of having a consistent pattern all over the mesh. If there were much trimming in the front of the winter hat the way in which the new veil is put on would hide it completely, but fashion's fancy for concentrating all the decoration at one side or at the back in the form of a flower, a single feather or a handful of plumage puts that objection to rout, and as the veils are decorative they add to rather than detract from the smart appearance of a millinery model. There are white veils and black ones, the white aiding and abetting the magic effect that is still in demand, the black enhancing the beauty of the complexion and bringing into relief the whiteness of the skin and the pink cheeks and lips. The veils are draped beneath the chin and are fastened at the back in the old manner.

Easily Made Oversleeves.

Dresses and suit waists always become soiled and worn on the sleeves faster than anywhere else, and separate black sleeves sell almost immediately, or at least leave marks, on any white waist with which they are worn.

A good idea is to make oversleeves of closely woven old white stocking legs. Cut them off the desired length, using the top of the stocking as the upper part of the oversleeve, and in the lower edge make a narrow hem and run elastic. No elastic is needed at the top, as the woven material will stay in place and have the further advantage of not making creases in the sleeve of the shirt waist as it would were elastic inserted in the top.

A Modern Shipwreck.

In an account of the wreck of the sailing ship Carnarvon Bay on King Island, Australia, it is related that when the vessel struck the captain calmly took a cigar from his pocket, bit the end off and lit it before ordering the boats to be launched. Even this display of lack of fear did not entirely prevent some degree of panic among the men, however, and seven men pushed off in the port lifeboat, leaving twenty-two to scramble into the starboard boat. In spite of the captain's orders the men in the port boat refused to come alongside, and those in the starboard boat shouted that if they did not put off the masts would fall on them. Instead of hurrying to the boat the captain strolled to his cabin and collected his papers. After he had entered the boat he transferred five men to the port boat and made for Tasmania, 100 miles away. He and the mates steered in turn, while the men bailed with empty biscuit tins, and forty-eight hours later both boats reached land.—Chicago News.

Oddities of Cecil Rhodes.

He possessed few intimate friends, and not even to all of them did he disclose his hand. Mere acquaintances disliked his moody silences, varied with fits of rather boisterous fun. They considered him exclusive, morose, rough and overbearing. And it must be admitted that he was a good hater, violent when thwarted and at times blunt to the point of rudeness. It is difficult to be sufficiently unconventional to shock a mining camp, but he shocked it. In dress he was almost irreproachable. He seldom took pains to ingratiate himself with any one, and a man who too openly scorns his fellows must expect to suffer social ostracism and to have his character traduced. It would be idle to deny that for a time there were unfavorable rumors in circulation regarding him or that he was in many circles unpopular. But, like Galileo, he "cared for none of those things."—Sir Lewis Michell.

An Eccentric Bishop.

Bishop Wilson of Calcutta had a housekeeper a venerable lady who remembered the duel between Sir Philip Francis and Warren Hastings on Aug. 17, 1780. On entering the cathedral on a Sunday morning, fully robed, lawn sleeves and all, and passing the pew where the old lady sat he would pause and give her the "kiss of peace" before all the congregation, and this although he had met her at breakfast.

His sermons, too, were racy. Preaching against dishonesty, especially in horseflesh, as one of the great English failings in India, he went on, "Nor are we, servants of the altar, free from yielding to this temptation." Pointing to the occupant of the reading desk below him: "There is my dear and venerable brother, the archdeacon, down there. He is an instance of it. He sold me a horse. It was unsound. I was a stranger, and he took me in."

Scientist Who Couldn't Light a Fire.

Lord Kelvin, like Lord Morley, once amused a Scottish audience with a display of ignorance. At a lecture in Edinburgh, with Lord Kelvin in the chair, the Duke of Argyll was taken suddenly ill. "When the aged peer was carried down to one of the ante-rooms," said a local paper, "one of the first things to be thought of was the lighting of a fire, and this task was tackled by the duke's host, Lord Kelvin. But instead of placing some paper in the grate and some wood on that in the orthodox manner he amazed the on-lookers by desperate efforts to kindle a handful of sticks at a gas burner. Ordinary mortals may be pardoned for taking some satisfaction in the fact that even so great a philosopher as Lord Kelvin did not know how to light a fire."

Rocky Road to a Title.

"Does Marie expect to marry the count?"

"Not immediately. There are three questions to be settled first."

"What are they?"

"He must prove that he is a count."

"Well, that would settle it, wouldn't it?"

"No. He must also prove that he isn't married."

"Well!"

"Then he must prove that he wants to marry Marie."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Had an Attachment.

Agent—Madam, have you a piano? Housewife—Yes. Agent—I am selling an attachment which I am sure—Housewife—We have one. Agent—What make is it? Housewife—Sperdy's.—Cleveland Leader.

The Secret of Health.

A physician informs us that the best cure for sickness is to keep well. Some way or other this had long been suspected, and it is a joy to have it confirmed by expert authority.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Not Needed Below.

"This is a funny ship."

"How so?"

"They have no clock in the cabin."

"Oh, no! But they always keep a watch on the deck!"—Stray Stories.

Statesmanship.

"What is the most valuable knowledge that a statesman can acquire?"

"The knowledge," replied Senator Sorghum, "of when to change his mind."—Washington Star.

He that is ungrateful has no fault but one. All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.—Young.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Don't Waste Time on a Hen.

Though generally cheerful and contented with her lot, the hen at times becomes moody, sullen and taciturn. We are often called upon to notice and profit by the genial and sunny disposition of the hen, and yet there are times in her life when she is morose, cynical and the prey of consuming melancholy. At such times not only her own companions but man himself shuns the hen.

At first she seems to be preoccupied only. She starts and turns pale when suddenly spoken to. Then she leaves her companions and seems to be the victim of hypochondria. Then her mind wanders. At last you come upon her suddenly some day seated under the currant bushes. Your sympathize with her and you seek to fuddle her. She then picks a small memento out of the back of your hand. You then gently but firmly coax her out of there with a hoe, and you find that she has been seated for some time on an old croquet ball, trying to hatch out a whole set of croquet balls. This shows that her mind is affected. Anon you find your demented hen hovering over a doorknob and trying by patience and industry to hatch out a hotel.

Man may win the affections of the tiger, the lion and the huge elephant and make them subservient to his wishes, but the sitting hen is not susceptible to affection. You might as well love the Manitoba blizzard or try to quell the cyclone by looking calmly into its eye. The sitting hen is filled with hatred for every living thing. She loves to brood over her wrongs or anything else she can find to quarrel on.

For many years I have made a close study of the sitting hen, but I am still unsettled as to what is best to do with her. She is a freak of nature, a disagreeable anomaly, a fussy phenomenon. Logic, rhetoric and metaphor are all alike to the sitting hen. You might as well go down into the bosom of Venus and ask it to postpone the next eruption.—One of Bill Nye's Old Stories.

The Latest Golf Story.

Two Scotchmen met and exchanged the small talk appropriate to the hour. As they were parting to go supper-ward Sandy said to Jock:

"Jock, mon, I'll go ye a round on the links in the morn'."

"The morn'?" Jock repeated doubtfully.

"Aye, mon, the morn'," said Sandy. "I'll go ye a round on the links in the morn'."

"Aye, weel," said Sandy. "I'll go ye. But I had intended to get married in the morn'."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Progressive Farming.

"Well, yes," confessed honest Farmer Hornbeak, the while a grim grin wrinkled his weather-beaten complexion. "It's a good deal of trouble, but the satisfaction I feel amply repays me for the extra work. Ye see, I degrees I'm sharpenin' up the top of every stump on the place, and in the course of time I hope to have matters so arranged that the hired man will find it fully as comfortable to stand up durin' the day as to set down."—Puck.

The Trouble.

Bolivar was very unhappy. One of his cherished schemes had fallen through, and the man he had counted on to pay his dividends had got away.

"Oh, well, never mind, Bolly," said Bunker. "What if Slithers did get away from you? There's just as big fish in the sea."

"That's true enough," groaned Bolivar, "but they ain't all suckers."—Harper's Weekly.

The Privileged.

"I hope you don't mind my asking," said a woman diffidently, "but should I call you professor or doctor?" "Oh, call me anything you like," was the great man's rejoinder. "Some people call me an old idiot." "Really?" the lady murmured, with sweet innocence. "But, then, they would be people who knew you intimately."—United Presbyterian.

Too Close Now.

Subbubs—I don't know anybody that my wife hates more than the Jenkinsons.

Citiman—Why, she used to think pretty well of them.

Subbubs—Yes, but that was before they moved in next door to us.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Fortitude Required.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," said the ready made philosopher.

"Yes," replied the discouraged reformer. "But a lot of aviators are liable to get hurt trying to keep her going."—Washington Star.

Easy Enough to Learn.

Sillicus—I'm in love with two girls, and I can't quite make up my mind which one I want to marry.

Cynicus—Well, marry either one of them and it won't take you long to discover that you got the wrong one.—Philadelphia Record.

Very Different Matter.

She—Yes, I like Ted; he is so extravagant.

He—That is hardly the best quality for a husband, is it?

EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

Mr. E. C. Clark is quite ill at his home on Massachusetts avenue.

It was deemed wise, by those in charge, to omit the meeting of the Young People's Guild, on last Sunday evening.

The social dance will be given this Friday evening, in Village Hall, under the management of Colonial orchestra. A large party is expected including "out-of-towners."

Baked beans, salad, coffee, rolls, all for fifteen cents, and ice cream and cake served extra, will be the menu at the supper of the Alliance is preparing for on Jan. 26th. The community is invited to attend.

There is to be a supper in the vestry of Follen church on the evening of January 26th. All donations will be very gratefully received. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance to join in and have a very jolly time.

"Slavery, Serfdom and Wages," will be the subject of Rev. G. Willis Cooke's lecture, Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, in his course on "Constructive Socialism." The addresses are given in Pierce Building, room 301, Copley Sq., Boston, and all are cordially invited.

Mr. Geo. Carlton Worthen, of Maple street, has been confined to the house for ten days or more, owing to a very severe cold, protracted by his recent change of climate. Mr. Worthen recently returned from the far west. His friends will be glad to hear that he is much better.

Rev. Mr. Quimby will address the ladies of Follen Alliance at their meeting in the vestry of the church, on Thursday afternoon next, Jan. 26, at the usual hour of meeting. The ladies are happy to learn that Mrs. Quimby has signified her intention to become a member of the Guild.

We are glad to learn that Miss Brigham is somewhat better. As she has sat at her window her cheery smile has greeted friends as they have passed her home and it has been a welcome sight. We are doing the best we can with her column since she is prohibited conducting it, but we all miss her pen.

The people of our village were very sorry to learn, on Sunday morning, that Rev. Mr. Quimby was suffering with a bad attack of bronchitis. The morning service, in consequence, had to be omitted. No doubt this was a disappointment to many, but trust he will soon recover. We feel that he is too valuable a man to be separated from us for any length of time.

It is the earnest wish of Adams Hose & Chemical Company that all attending the Bingleville dance, given by them Friday evening, January 27th, will come in costume. Grand march at eight o'clock sharp. Prizes are to be awarded to the lady and gent donning the most typical and ridiculous costume. All are invited to come and join in the merriment and dance to the music of Haystack's orchestra, E. L. Hornblower, leader.

Thursday evening of last week, in Village Hall, a very successful party was given under the auspices of the Bethel Associates, made up of members of Bethel Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Arlington. The affair was termed a kitchen party and furnished what proved a unique and unusually popular novelty in the way of a dance. Most of the women came in kitchen attire, and very becoming it proved, showing that it really made little difference what the good-looking wore for they were bound to look pretty and womanly. In one corner of the hall a small kitchen had been set up in a very realistic way, and then a significant touch was given the hall by using kitchen utensils to decorate. The attendance was very large, representing not only this village and town, but most of the surrounding towns and cities. It was a very jolly party and all entered into the spirit of the occasion with more than usual vivacity. The committee having the evening in charge was composed of Chas. W. Spaulding, Lucius A. Austin, Geo. L. Pierce, Wm. A. Prince, David Buttrick, Wm. Peppard, Oman Bennett. Those participating in the party were:

Messrs. and Mesdames B. Earle, C. W. Spaulding, H. Hovey, F. Goodwillie, J. Monkley, H. Brown, L. A. Austin, C. Hadley, H. McNutt, W. Peppard, F. Earle, J. Morse, J. H. Phillips, E. Tyler, O. Needham, G. Hadley, O. Bennett, Wm. Prince, James Pratt, Miss Helen Peppard, Mrs. John Lindsay, Edward Buttrick, Misses Florence Boyd, Lena McDonald, James Whalen, Mrs. Frank Peabody, Miss A. Robinson, Miss G. Mitchell, Frank Carroll, Miss Florence Crosby, John Wilson, Harry Brown, W. Butterfield, Misses Florence Page, Florence Switzer, Wm. Sanderson, Miss M. Schumacher, Mrs. E. W. Gray, Walter Wilson, Frank Fletcher, Misses Maud Reynolds, Maud Clark, Edward Harrod, R. Harrington, Misses Clara Fraser, Marion Buttrick, Thomas Hayes, Miss C. Buttrick, Stanley Wilson, Miss Nellie Cosgrove, Sumner Blanchard, Misses Maud Gray, Marion Hayes, H. Wellington, Miss Sadie Mitchell, Nellie Dinneen, Lillian Lindsay, Frank Chase, Robert Lang, John Hayes, Mrs. Edward Gandy, Marion Fraser, Newton Frost, Miss Mildred Young, Thomas Buckley, Miss Beth Wentworth, Frank Crosby, Thomas Whiting, Miss Gladys Brown, Miss Daisy Parsons, Ernest Wilson, Miss Melicent Switzer, Mrs. C. Smith, Jr., Mrs. H. Schumacher, Miss Kittie Hayes, Robert Armstrong, Misses Mollie Wilson, Abbie Fletcher, Mabel Reynolds, Edward Reynolds, Mrs. George Fowle, Howard Austin, David Buttrick, Nat Whittier, Misses Ger-

trude Davis, Ruth Woodman, M. Stevenson, Edward Russell, Miss Hazel Gray, Harold Denham, Mrs. George Foster, Misses Alice Spaulding, Mildred Green, Frank Haven.

Mrs. Sarah Bowman Van Ness of this village writes this interesting of descendants of an old Lexington family:

"Hon. C. C. Bowman is this winter sent to Washington to represent Pennsylvania, and the Wilkesbarre paper, even now, mentions him as the future Governor of Pennsylvania. Mr. Bowman (a cousin of mine) occupied my home in East Lexington the summer I spent in Europe and as he and his family met many of the Lexington people I thought it would be of interest to the Lexington friends to know of his election." Mrs. Bowman also enclosed a clipping from a Pennsylvania paper relating to Major Gen. Bowman, "who is from the same English ancestry," but his branch became Quakers and went with William Penn to Pa. His grandfather, Roger Bowman, was intimate enough with General Washington to call him "George" and when the seat of Government was moved from Philadelphia to Washington, Gen. Washington gave his private office furniture of solid mahogany to his friend, Roger Bowman, and Gen. Bowman has it in his dining room in Merion, Pa. Gen. Charles Bowman Dougherty, who succeeds Gen. W. P. Bowman, is the great grandson of Gen. Isaac Bowman, son of Joseph Bowman, of Lexington, who was the last military officer in Lexington commissioned by the king. Gen. Isaac Bowman was general of the Pennsylvania troops at close of the Revolution; his father, Ebenezer Bowman, was the State Attorney; Samuel Bowman, his brother, was Episcopal Bishop of Pennsylvania, and their brother Col. Joseph Bowman, of New Braintree, was senator in Massachusetts many years; also, his grandson, Hon. George Taft, of Worcester, has been Senator many years. So you see Bowman blood has been respected and honored ever since our cavalier ancestor landed in Watertown, Bond, in his history of Watertown, page 1082, says a portion of the town was named for Mr. Bowman to show the esteem in which he was held, but not being willing to give up his membership in the church of England he was never elected to office, but when the king appointed his first royal magistrates in Massachusetts, his son, Francis Bowman, was appointed royal magistrate from 1720 to his death in 1744, and was then succeeded as royal magistrate by his son Isaac, 1744 to 1753. When the war ended, but while representing the king personally, the people of Lexington respected him so highly that they made him chairman of their committee to protest against the king's taxation, as is shown by Hudson's history and Capt. Thaddeus Bowman was made chairman of Committee of Correspondence."

President Oscar Needham was what the boys term, "up against it," on Monday evening, when he was disappointed in all directions in trying to secure a speaker for the monthly meeting of the Men's Club, of Follen church. Rev. Mr. Quimby was announced to speak on a novel topic, but a severe cold prevented his presence and this was the plea on all sides when others were applied to. However, all present in Follen church vestry on that evening had a delicious turkey supper prepared by the committee chairmaned by Frank Buttrick.

President Oscar Needham was what the boys term, "up against it," on Monday evening, when he was disappointed in all directions in trying to secure a speaker for the monthly meeting of the Men's Club, of Follen church. Rev. Mr. Quimby was announced to speak on a novel topic, but a severe cold prevented his presence and this was the plea on all sides when others were applied to. However, all present in Follen church vestry on that evening had a delicious turkey supper prepared by the committee chairmaned by Frank Buttrick.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS LOCALS.

Married Twenty-five Years.

The attractive residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Livingstone, 29 Cliff street, never looked more inviting than on Saturday evening of last week, Jan. 14th, when the couple received some two hundred and fifty guests in observance of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. The spacious rooms and large reception hall were admirably adapted to the occasion so happily celebrated and looked most inviting with the artistic decorations arranged by W. W. Rawson & Co. The bay window in the parlor, where the couple stood, was converted into a green bower by the use of asparagus vines and palms, pink carnations being used to give the color scheme of green and pink. An orchestra of three pieces was seated in the alcove leading out of the dining room and was screened in with palms and ferns. The fire place in the room was banked with green, and in fact the whole house was given a festive appearance with the green and its beautiful cut flowers in the great profusion which had been sent to the couple by business friends of Mr. Livingstone.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone received from 8 to 10 o'clock and was assisted by the former's mother, Mrs. Agnes Livingstone, of East Boston. Madam Livingstone was in black silk. The hostess wore a beautiful imported white lace gown over pale yellow satin, and carried a bouquet of twenty-five pale pink roses. The four older children of the couple acted as ushers. They are Alexander, Jr., Clara, Stanley and Katharine. Miss Livingstone was in pale pink satin. Miss Katharine in an embroidered tulle. Agnes, the youngest of the family, had charge of the guest book, assisted by Mrs. Alexander Livingstone, the wife of the oldest son of the family. The former was in a white lace dress, while the latter wore her wedding gown of white marquisette.

Caterer Hardy served a spread of ices and cream from a beautifully decorated table. The center piece was a immense mound of red carnations and white narcissus. Colored waiters served the guests who were present from nearly all the surrounding cities and towns, besides many from the Unitarian parish at Arlington center, where the family attend church.

There was a large and choice display of gifts, including silver, which naturally predominated, besides cut glass and pictures. The Sun-shine Club, of which Mrs. Livingstone is a member, gave a silver pie plate on a standard and a club of ladies of which Mrs. Livingstone has been a member since childhood remembered the occasion with four silver candle sticks.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone were married in Allston, by Rev. S. H. Winkley, who is still living, but so old that his advanced age was unable to be present that evening. Almost all the time since they were married they have lived at Arlington Heights. Mr. Livingstone is in the wool business in Boston, was born in Scotland 47 years ago and has been in this country since he was a child. He attended the Adams school in East Boston, and Mrs. Livingstone, born Clara Glycer, was a classmate. Their old chum, master, Mr. Metcalf, is still living and sent them a remembrance, but owing to an injury was unable to attend. Both Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone were brought up in East Boston. Mr. Livingstone is a

\$450,00

represents the sales made by us within twelve months for the JOHN P. SQUIRE ESTATE and nearly all purchasers were nearly residents of ARLINGTON, CAMBRIDGE or SOMERVILLE.

"SQUIRE PARK"

property of the Squire Real Estate Trust

offers to intending purchasers some of the CHOICEST SITES FOR A HOME in

THE TOWN OF ARLINGTON

LOTS \$425 4 per cent on deferred payments \$50 DOWN UPWARDS \$5 MONTHLY

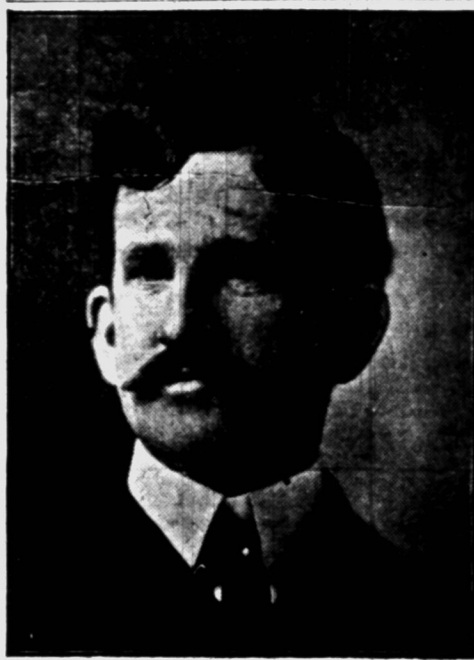
More than 300 electric cars pass the land daily, all night car service, five-cent fare. When the Cambridge subway is completed, only a few minutes ride from Boston.

EDWARD T. HARRINGTON CO.
147 Mass. Ave. cor. Marathon St., Arlington

COAL

At Lowest Market Price

PEIRCE & WINN CO.



ESTABLISHED 1841
J. Henry Hartwell & Son,
Undertakers,

Will attend to all duties connected with our profession.

A Lady Attendant, when desired.

Office and Warerooms, 4 Medford St., ARLINGTON, MASS.

Telephone Connection.—Office 127-3; Res. 127-5
Residence and Night Call.—792 Mass. Avenue

Branch Office, 55 PARK AVE., Arlington Hts

New Store For Rent

STORE NO. 37 MASS. AVE., 20x45.

Good Opportunity

For Provisions, Dry Goods,

Drugs, Boots and Shoes

Rent \$25.00

First Six Months \$20.00

WILLIAM A. MULLER & CO.

18 Central Street, Boston, Mass.

Now is the time to look after

HARDWOOD FLOORS

Interior Finish

GEO. W. KENTY & CO.

Office, 669 MASS. AVENUE,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Residence, 16 Harvard Street

30 June 11



Spurr's
Revere
Coffee

SOLD BY

James O. Holt

Pleasant St.

Buy Your Coal Right Here

IN ARLINGTON

The out of town dealer has nothing on us, we sell the same coal at the same price on the same terms, we can beat him on prompt delivery.

Lloyd Coal Co.

Tel. 12 41 Park Ave., Arlington Heights

Arlington Insurance Agency.

REPRESENTED BY

Geo. Y. Wellington & Son

Agents for Twelve Stock and Nine Mutual Companies

FIRE LIABILITY BURGLARY

We solicit your AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

SAVINGS BANK BUILDING,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

GEO. Y. WELLINGTON

Telephone Connection

FRANK Y. WELLINGTON

member of the A. F. and A. M., of the Knights Templars, and at one time was a member in the old Maypole club. The couple have been at home in the Heights, who were present to extend their congratulations on the happy event.

The Sun-shine club met Wednesday with Mrs. Thomas, at her home on Hill-side avenue.

Evangelistic services at the Methodist church will be held during the week of January 29th.

Mr. Claude Palmer is entertaining his sister, Miss Palmer, of Syracuse, N. Y., at his home on Wollaston avenue.

The Ladies' Aid, of the Methodist church, held a food sale this Saturday afternoon in the vestry of the church.

United Helpers, connected with the Baptist church, will give a birthday social next week in the church vestry.

The Ladies' Aid, of the Methodist Episcopal church, met Wednesday afternoon, with Mrs. Joseph L. Dow, of Claremont avenue.

The T. D. Dupes will remain in their Park avenue home this winter, instead of going in Boston to board, as has been their custom for several years.

Miss Mildred Partridge was appointed treasurer and pianist of the Primary department of Park Avenue Sunday school at the noon session last week.

Mr. Leander D. Bradley was called to Vineyard Haven on Tuesday of this week on account of the death of an aunt, whose funeral occurred on the following day.

The Friday Social club held an important meeting this afternoon with Mrs. Clarence Gale. The social of the club occurs next Tuesday evening, in Park Avenue church.

The ladies of the Friday Social Club interested in the bazaar to be given some time in May, met this week for a sewing bee at the home of Mrs. F. W. Garrett, on Tanager street.

The choir of the Methodist church met on Wednesday evening, with Mrs. Mooney, of Oakland avenue. After the rehearsal the remainder of the evening was spent in sociability.

We are sorry to learn of the illness of Mr. Ellsworth Nichols, at his home on Wollaston avenue. Since Mr. Nichols' residence at the Heights, he has been an earnest worker in Park Avenue church.

The Crescent Zouaves are planning for an entertainment and dance to be given in Town Hall, February 3rd. Mr. W. O. Partridge, Jr., is coaching some of the acts that will be given by local talent.

James Colpitt took first, second and third prize for the best and darkest brown eggs at the Boston Poultry Association Show held last week at Mechanics building. He also took third on Lang-shorn pullets.

Messrs. Schnetzer, Parsons and Buntun give their fourth dancing party next Saturday evening, Jan. 26th, in Crescent hall. Mesdames T. H. Quimby and Mrs. I. F. Hunt will be the matrons. These parties have proved quite the society event of each month.

Mrs. McNally, who is to be the soloist at the Singers' Club concert on Feb. 6th, is the alto in the quartette at the Bawes Unitarian church in South Boston, where Mr. George Buntun is the bass and director of music. Mrs. Buntun has had charge of the music at that church for the past twenty-two years.

The Sunday school of Park Avenue Cong'l church held its annual meeting and election of officers on Tuesday evening, in the church vestry. There were some sixteen teachers and officers present. The newly elected supt., Herbert Snow, presided. Reports were read from the different departments and the following officers elected: Asst. Supt., Claude A. Palmer; Supt. of Primary Dept., Mrs. J. G. Taylor; secretary, George Bacon; treasurer, Miss Ethel Ober; librarian, Mr. Spencer; pianist, Miss Alma Freeman; auditor, Joseph Morrison.

In our report of the installation of the officers of Post 36, which occurred on the evening of Jan. 12, we failed to note the fact that the retiring Commander, Henry Clark, received from his comrades a handsome gold Past-Commander's badge. Junior Vice-Com. Edw. L. Sterling was the spokesman, and though he spoke in a factious vein, there was expressed deep sentiment that touched the heart of the recipient. Com. Clark's acceptance was happily worded and strengthened the fraternal tie which binds the comrades of Post 36 so closely.

Citizens of the town acquainted with the facts are much aroused over the cutting down of a number of the fine young poplar trees which were set out on the border of Spy Pond Athletic Field. The young trees were evidently cut down with a knife, and ten have been spoiled in this manner. The trees were set out with the idea of making a dividing line between the park and the adjoining property and also to beautify the park. The person doing the cutting started at the end nearest Arlington Boat Club House, and a number of trees this person cut short off, while others were hacked and the limbs cut and broken off and the tree ruined.

At the close of the evening service, last Sunday, at the Methodist Episcopal church, the recently elected officers and teachers of the Sunday school, were installed with an impressive service, by the pastor, Rev. F. D. Taylor. They were as follows:

Supt., J. V. Goddard; asst. supt., E. W. Smith; treas., Arthur Southall; sec'y, Miss Marie E. Stiles; librarian, Robert K. Brown; pianist, Miss Ruth Woodend; Supt. Primary dept., Mrs. F. J. Harling; assistants, Mrs. F. D. Taylor, Miss Gladys Parsons.

The teachers of the school are, Rev. F. D. Taylor, E. W. Smith, F. J. Harling, Mrs. E. C. Parsons, Mrs. J. A. Southall, Jr., Miss Helen Barber, Mrs. J. E. Woodend, Robt. K. Brown, C. W. Savage, Miss Morrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Stiles, of 161 Westminister avenue, celebrated their twentieth wedding anniversary with a family party, Saturday evening, Jan. 14th. Owing to the storm many were deterred from participating in the happy event, but the evening proved a delightful one passed in songs and a general good time. Ice cream and delicious cake were served by the hostess. The occasion was marked by several appropriate gifts in china and cut glass. Mr. and Mrs. Stiles were married in Cambridge, by Rev. Solomon Breen, of Grace church. Mrs. Stiles maiden name was Ophelia Hoor. The couple have resided at Arlington Heights thirteen years and have

with the respect of their neighbors and friends by their thrift and enterprise. Mr. Stiles being our local expressionist and also engaged in the milk business. There are two children, a daughter and a son.

Miss Cora Gilder, who has been in Kingston, N. Y., since the week before Christmas, returned to the Heights on Tuesday of this week. She has had one round of pleasure, having been entertained by different relatives where the young people in the family have made her visit most enjoyable.

Mrs. H. Elizabeth Beacom, who died Jan. 9th, at Dr. Margaret Sandford's home, 1300 Mass. avenue, after a few days' illness with bronchitis, was in her ninety-first year. She had resided at 21 Ashland avenue for thirty years and only this fall gave up her residence there and with her sister, Miss Louisa B. Sandford, came to make their home with Dr. Sandford. The funeral was held Wednesday at her late home, the devotional service being conducted by Rev. J. G. Taylor, of Park Avenue Cong'l church.

The Maestro's Masterpiece, the new music drama by Edward Locke, author of "The Clunk," which Mr. Arthur Hummels, the well known impresario, will present at the Boston Theatre beginning Jan. 23 for a limited engagement, marks a new epoch in musical affairs. The basic principle of "The Maestro's Masterpiece" is drama, but interwoven into the plot are many of the famous arias and ensembles of celebrated operas by Verdi, Puccini, Offenbach, Abt, Massenet, Tchaikowsky, Donizetti, and original numbers by Gaetano Merola, the well known director. These excerpts are introduced so naturally as to almost seem parts of the plot, and are reinterpreted by an aggregation of grand opera artists that have won renown on the lyric stage, and includes Mme. Maria Lampari, a celebrated Italian prima donna; Leonid Samoiloff, the famous tenor; Andrea Sarto and Count Enzo Rozanno, two artists that have achieved success as members of the Manhattan Opera Company; Miss Ethel Houston, an American contralto; Miss Edith Somes, a soprano of Continental fame; Miss Helen Scholder, a sixteen year old cellist; Frederick W. Peters, Angelo Sorace, and the eminent Yiddish actor, Samuel S. Scheir, whose powerful histrionism will be thoroughly displayed as the Maestro. There will be an orchestra of 55 musicians from the Manhattan Opera House, New York, who played all the great French and Italian operas under the direction of Campanini, over whom will preside Signor Merola. The entire production has been assembled at the Manhattan and upholds the traditions of that world famous institution. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

FOR KINDLING YOUR FIRES

There is nothing better or more economical than the

Standard Charcoal Co.'s

Hard Wood Charcoal

Put up in Paper Bags. The cheapest and best way to buy charcoal. For sale at all grocers.

105 River St. Waltham
Phone 265-1 Waltham 24dec3w

RIGHT NOW

ROYAL ARCANUM

which protects your home and family. It has paid to Widows and Orphans more than \$126,000,000, and has a reserve fund of nearly \$6,000,000.

Full particulars may be obtained of Henry A. Kidder, Regent, C. R. Munch, Secretary, Francis B. Wadleigh, Collector, Fred A. Horter, Treasurer, or any officer or member. Meetings 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, in GRAND ARMY HALL. 31July

Landscape Gardening

AND

Nursery Stock.

W. H. Heustis has a full line of Nursery Stock for hedges, ornamental and shade trees, hardy shrubs, etc. He makes a specialty of laying out the grounds of estates. Address Belmont. Telephone connection. 7march11

W. W. RAWSON,

Florist and Decorator

FUNERAL DESIGNS

AND CUT FLOWERS

HARDY PLANTS AND SHRUBS

Greenhouses and Office

Warren Street, Arlington, Mass.

Tel. 341-5 Arlington. 13aug11

Wood Bros. Express,

669 MASS. AVENUE.

The Arlington Expressmen

Telephone 431-2.—Call us up. 8aug11

FULL LINE

OF

LUCAS

Interior and Exterior

Gloss Paints

AND STAINS.

All colors.

J. F. BERTON,

House, Sign and Decorative Painter,

8 Medford St., ARLINGTON.

Residence, 156 Morrill Ave., Somerville.

Arlington 89-4. Somerville 412-6. 19d.c

KEELEY INSTITUTE.

LEXINGTON, MASS.



Inebriety Treated as a Disease and Permanent Cures effected. Has stood the test of time and closest scrutiny. For particulars as to terms, any other information desired, address the Institute at Lexington.



387 Washington Street,

Opposite Franklin St., Boston.

We guarantee first-class work at reasonable prices.

NEW TALES THAT ARE TOLD

Rather Embarrassing.

James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, knows pretty much all there is to know about trees, vegetables and soils, but he does not shine as a French scholar. Accordingly he was at a dinner at the Cosmos club, where many of the speeches were in French. All the speakers were distinguished scientists, and they dwelt on subjects



"DO YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT THAT FELLOW WAS SAYING?"

of an abstruse nature. Naturally when their remarks were in French they were puzzling to the secretary.

Finally a particularly demonstrative Frenchman began to talk about fields and vineyards and how to improve them according to modern methods. He was applauded several times, and when he came to his peroration, which was full of long words and set off with many powerful gestures, the handclapping and cheering grew so boisterous that Mr. Wilson thought it incumbent on him to join in the demonstration of approval. As he got a late start in the handclapping he was still at it when the rest of the assemblage had quieted down.

"Do you know exactly what that fellow was saying?" asked a friend of the secretary when the Frenchman had taken his seat.

"No-o, not exactly," admitted Mr. Wilson, "but I applauded because everybody else was doing it, and I wanted to be polite."

"He was saying," explained the friend, "that you were the best secretary of agriculture in the world."

MISCONCEPTION OF AN ANCIENT ACTRESS

Viewed the Passage of Time From Wrong Angle.

Miss Elisabeth Marbury, the well known dramatic agent of New York, told at a tea at the Colony club a story both amusing and true.

"To grow old properly," she said, "is to grow old keeping the mind and the heart young. Few accomplish this feat, but all think they do so. That misconception prevents old age from being tragic."

"You all know Helen Dash. She is a great-grandmother now, but she was once a famous actress. She clung to the stage to the very last; she saw year by year her applause lessen, her salary decrease and her press notices shorten. Yet do you think that Helen Dash was unhappy? Not at all."

"When one night in her sixty-eighth year Helen in a new role got, instead of tumultuous applause, cold silence and even a few venomous hisses she took the contempt calmly, and on the way home she said to her maid, a worn old woman like herself:

"I think I'll retire. Acting is thankless work nowadays. The public has aged so."

Why He Was a Baptist.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Haslam, pastor of the Gethsemane Baptist church, at Eighteenth street and Columbia avenue, was delivering an address the other day at a ministers' meeting.

"I once knew a Baptist, an old man of the hard shell order. To him the Baptist religion was the only one."

"One day a friend of his, who was a Methodist, stopped him on the street. 'You know there are other ways besides the Baptist way of getting to heaven,' he said."

"My Baptist friend drew himself up. 'That's true; there may be,' he said with withering scorn, 'but no gentleman would take advantage of them.'" —Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Inscrutable Face.

Speaker Cannon knows a lot about poker, and he makes no secret of it. Henry B. F. Macfarland, formerly commissioner of the District of Columbia, has a face that always wears a smiling, bland expression. Mr. Macfarland might witness the burning of Rome without changing his expression at all. One night he sat opposite the speaker at a banquet.

Mr. Cannon turned to the man on his left and said, "Do you know what I'd do if I had a face like that of my friend Macfarland?"

"What would you do?" asked the man.

"I'd play poker for a living," said the speaker, "and I'd grow rich at it."

We carry full assortment of
Ash Cans, Garbage Cans
Galvanized & Japanned Coal Hods
Rotary Dustless Ash Sifters
Plain Sifters and Covers

Crockery, Glass, Enamel, Tin and
Wooden Wares
together with
Hardware, Cutlery, Paints, Glass
Oil, Putty, Ready Mixed Paints,
Enamels and Crawford Ranges.

Heating and Plumbing
Jobbing and Contracts

Free Delivery Daily
R. W. SHATTUCK & CO.
467 Mass. Ave. Tel. 114

W. M. A. PRINCE
will deliver at your door
Farm Products,
HOME-MADE MINCE MEAT
AND SAUSAGES.

BUTTER, CHEESE and EGGS,
TEAS, COFFEES and
CANNED GOODS.
Telephone connection

Post Office, Lexington, Mass.

RECEIVED	DISPATCHED
11 a. m.	7 a. m., R. P. O.
7:30 a. m., R. P. O.	9 a. m.
10:30 a. m., R. P. O.	10:15 a. m., R. P. O.
12:00 a. m.	12:30 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	3:40 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	6:00 p. m., R. P. O.
6:30 p. m., R. P. O.	7:45 p. m.
7:00 p. m.	

SUNDAY.
1:30 p. m. 4:00 p. m.
REGISTERED MAIL is received and dispatched on R. P. O. trains ONLY.

Office Hours (6:45 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Holidays, 6:45 a. m. to 9 a. m.
Sundays, 2:30 p. m. to 3 p. m.

MONEY ORDER DIVISION.
Opens 7:00 a. m. Closes 7:00 p. m.
No money order business transacted on Sundays.

REGISTRY DIVISION.
Opens during all office hours.

Schedule of collection of Street Letter Boxes:					
Boxes	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.	Sun. P. m.	
E. Lex. R. R. Sta.	6:00	10:30	4:30	12:05	10:30
P. O. Sta. No. 1	6:10	9:30	4:00	12:10	9:30
Maple St. & Mass. av.	6:20	9:30	3:30	12:20	9:00
Pelham rd. & Mass. av.	6:30	9:30	4:15	12:30	9:30
Perry rd. & Mass. av.	6:35	9:30	4:20	12:35	9:35
Bloomfield street & Mass. avenue	6:40	9:45	4:30	12:40	9:45
Winthrop road & Mass. avenue	6:45	8:25	3:20	5:25	8:25
Waltham street & Mass. avenue	6:45	10:40	5:50	10:40	
Parker St. & Mass. av.	6:10	9:45	4:50	12:10	9:45
Bedford and Hanover streets	6:20	10:15	4:45	12:15	10:15
Merriam and Chandler streets	6:30	8:30	3:30	12:30	8:30
Oakland & Stetson streets	6:35	8:10	3:05	12:40	8:10
Lex. R. R. Station	6:40	10:20	4:50	12:40	10:20
Muzzes & Forest Sts.	6:50	10:15	4:45	12:45	10:15
Hickory & Forest Sts.	6:55	9:30	4:15	12:50	9:30
Lex. Post Office	6:55	10:15	4:45	12:50	10:15

LEXINGTON A. S. VILLEK P. M.

Boston Elevated Railway Co. SURFACE LINES.

TIME TABLE.

Subject to change without notice.
Arlington Centre to Hanover Street—via Beacon (Somerville), 4:57 5:17, a. m., and intervals of 20 minutes to 11:39, p. m.

SUNDAY—7:09, a. m., and intervals of 20 and 30 minutes, to 11:39 p. m.

Arlington Heights to Harvard Square—4:51, p. m., and every 10 minutes to 6:01 p. m.

Arlington Heights to Subway—5:04 a. m., and intervals of 15, 10, 5, and 7 minutes to 11:30 p. m. SUNDAY—6:08, a. m., and intervals of 20, 15, 7 and 5 minutes to 11:30 p. m.

NIGHT SERVICE to Adams sq. via Harvard Sq.—11:30, 12:05, 12:09 (12:19, 1:09, 1:39, 2:39, 3:39, 4:42, 4:57, 5:57 a. m., Sunday), a. m.

Arlington Heights to Sullivan Terminal—via Broadway, 5:13, a. m., and intervals of 15, 7 and 5 minutes to 11:58, night. SUNDAY—5:25, 6:25, a. m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 30 minutes to 11:58, p. m.

Arlington Centre via Medford Hill side—5:05, 5:25, a. m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 12:10, night. SUNDAY—5:25, 6:25, a. m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 30 minutes to 12:10, night.

Night Service to Adams Sq. By connection at Winter Hill with Medford Adams Sq. car, 12:45, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30 a. m. Medford car leaves Adams Sq. 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30 a. m.

ELEVATED LINES.
Elevated trains run between Sullivan Square and Dudley street via the Tunnel, from 5:34, a. m., to 12:30, night. SUNDAY—5:34, a. m., to 12:30, night.

O. S. SERGEANT, Vice President.
Jan. 7, 1911.

WILLIAM GRATTO
Dealer in
Hardware, Paints, Oils & Varnishes

Kitchen Furnishings
and Locksmithing.

HOUSES For Sale and To Let
In most desirable parts of town.

Tel. 94-1 665 Mass. ave., Arlington

REAL ESTATE. In addition to the above will give personal attention to buying, selling or renting real estate. Orders solicited at a banquet.

Mr. Cannon turned to the man on his left and said, "Do you know what I'd do if I had a face like that of my friend Macfarland?"

"What would you do?" asked the man.

"I'd play poker for a living," said the speaker, "and I'd grow rich at it."

THE KICKER.

An Entirely Different Sort of Man
From the Growler.

There is a world of difference between the man who kicks and the man who growls.

The man who kicks—who truly, earnestly and honestly kicks—is a good kind of man to have about. He kicks because things are not as they should be, and he proposes to correct them. The man who growls is merely a negative quality. He may know that things are not going right, but he hasn't any idea of trying to do anything about it. He just sits round and complains.

You remember Mark Twain's story about the kicker and how successful he was in securing everything that belonged to him. He was a producer in the best sense of the word, just as every man who kicks in the right way is certain to be. You probably know just such men—men who are chronic kickers. Let anything go wrong and they go "up in the air" in a minute, but you can depend upon it that that particular thing will never go wrong again if they can prevent it.

A kicker may not be the most agreeable person to have around, yet he is a healthful factor in almost any establishment. He has his faults, but it is possible to overlook them for the sake of the productive value that he represents.

As to the growler—there seems to be no place for him in the work of the world. He may complain loudly and whine and talk about other people, but he remedies no faults, he repairs no leaks, he just makes trouble.

That is the difference between the kicker and the growler.—Business.

WEB OF THE SPIDER.

Thousands of Strands in Each of Its Silky Threads.

For a long time the web of the spider was supposed to be a simple strand of waxy silk, but later it was found that such was far from being the case.

Under the microscope we can get at the secret of the spinning very nicely. We see that there are either four or six teats on the spider near the lower part of the abdomen, almost exactly similar to the teats of a cow. From these issue four or six strands, as the case may be. But these strands themselves are not simple, but are composed of at least a thousand fibers each, for it has been proved that in each teat there is a sieve of at least a thousand holes, through which the silky matter is strained. Thus we see that, fine as is a spider's web, it is yet composed of from 4,000 to 6,000 fibers. Leutenhock states that it would take at least 4,000,000 of the completed threads to make a thread as strong as a silk thread of the size of a hair.

As to the color of the thread, our ordinary spiders spin one of a uniform gray color. But in the riotous tropics there are found spiders that spin varicolored webs. One particularly produces red, yellow and black threads, which it binds together with a pleasing color effect.

In the thread of the spider lies dormant a great industry once it is properly studied. —Popular Magazine.

Struck a Coincidence.

It was the hour of family confidences. Mr. Buggins had finished his evening papers and in slippers and dressing gown was toasting his toes before the asbestos fire log, while the wife of his bosom was putting a few stitches in the table cover she was doing for Aunt Mary.

"I did something today that I've been screwing up my courage to do for a long time," said Mrs. Buggins.

"Yes," said Mr. Buggins, mildly interested. "What was it?"

"You know that odious Mrs. B Jones?" replied Mrs. Buggins. "Well, I paid her a call that I have owed for nearly a year."

"My dear, I can sympathize with you," said Mr. Buggins. "Today, by a strange coincidence, I paid that odious Mr. B Jones a bill I had owed him for quite as long." —New York Times.

Throne Jewels.
In the "gold pantry" at Windsor castle, one of England's chief royal palaces, is the gold tiger's head taken from Tipu Sahib's throne in 1799. It is life size, and the teeth and eyes are of rock crystal. Another relic captured at the same time is the jeweled bird called the uma, shaped like a pigeon, with a peacock tail. The feathers blaze with precious stones, and a great emerald hangs from its breast. According to an old Indian legend, whoever owns this bird will rule India.

It Depends.
Bill—They tell me that a goat eats twelve times its weight in a year.

Jill—Does that represent much food, do you suppose?

"Well, it all depends whether what the goat eats happens to be paper covered novels or lead pipe!" —Yonkers Statesman.

An Exception.
"Emerson says there is always a best way of doing everything."

"Is there? I wonder if he ever found a best way of wearing a pair of shoes that were about a size too small?" —Chicago Record-Herald.

No Chance.
"Do you always do a little more than is expected of you?"

"No; my boss always expects a little more than you can do." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sincerity and pure truth in what age soever find their opportunity and advantage. —Montague.

Medical Research.
Romance of the Discovery of the Cause of Malaria.

In the history of research are many romances. Of the discovery that malaria was caused by mosquitoes, it is related how Dr. Low and Dr. Samton lived in the malarious Roman Campagna without quinine. They retired at sunset to a mosquito proof hut, with double doors and windows of wire net, and they did not leave until sunrise. The fact that they remained immune, while the attendants, sleeping outside, contracted malaria, confirmed the belief that the mosquitoes were responsible.

But how did they carry the disease? At first it was thought to be by water. To settle the question live mosquitoes which had bitten infected peasants were sent home and two members of the school submitted to be bitten by them. They both went down with malaria. Again, how did the mosquitoes transmit the germ?

By cutting sections of the proboscis the malarious parasite was found. It breaks through the skin of the proboscis and is transmitted at the time of the sting. From the first conjecture to the final proof was a series of careful experiments, ending with the slicing of the mosquito's proboscis. Now, this is finer than the hair. It is necessary to stop to think. For it is easier to imagine the triumph of the proof than the delicate operation that produced it.—London Standard.

Lighting by Gas.
It Was a Costly Process When It Was First Established.

The first incorporated gas company was the National Light and Heat Company of England, established in 1809. In America the first gas company was incorporated in Baltimore in 1816, the second one in Boston in 1822, and the next one was the New York Gaslight Company, incorporated in 1823.

Prior to 1820 the gas business of this country was nominal, but the price probably was responsible for its slow development. From 1824 to 1828, says Moody's Magazine, the New York Gaslight Company sold gas to consumers at the rate of \$10 a thousand cubic feet.

The first artificial illuminating gas was produced in England about 1726 by one Dr. Hales, but not until 1758 was a practical test made. In that year the Earl of Dumbarton of Scotland arranged an apparatus by which he lighted his castle with gas. The same year William Murdoch of Birmingham, England, introduced gas as a light in his workshops at Redruth and Cornwall.

As Mr. Murdoch was the first man to reap any commercial benefit from the discovery of the use of illuminating gas, he may properly be accredited as the father of modern public utilities. In 1813 London bridge was illuminated by gas, and five years later gas was in general use throughout the main part of London.

Red Letter Days.
The origin of a "red letter day" has been traced back to the third century. Gregory, bishop of Caesarea, zealous for the conversion of pagans, found them unwilling to give up their customary recreations at the festivals of their gods, so, taking a leaf out of their book, he instituted festivals in honor of saints and martyrs. This example soon led to the institution of holy days, now corrupted into holidays. In old almanacs all such holy days were set forth in red ink, the rest being in black; hence the term "red letter day" for any notable occasion. Others say that the origin of the expression is much more recent and is due to the fact that Saints' day, the 5th of November, the king's birthday and accession and King Charles' day were similarly marked off in red as holidays for the Bank of England, evidently in the times of the later Stuarts. —London Telegraph.

Political Antisocialities.
Political antisocialities today are seldom carried into private life. In the past just the opposite was the rule. "Coke of Norfolk" once stated that when he was a child his grandfather took him on his knee and said, "Now, remember, Tom, as long as you live never trust a Tory," and he used to add, "I never have, and, by George, I never will." G. W. E. Russell, too, tells of an eccentric maiden lady whom he knew in his youth who, having spent her life in the innermost circles of aristocratic Whiggery, always refused to enter a cab until she had extorted from the driver an assurance that he had never carried cases of infectious disease, that he was not a Puseyite and that he was a Whig.—London Graphic.

A Resourceful Community.
"We didn't know what to do about Plute Pete," said the Crimson Gulch citizen. "He was a real good feller, but he would be careless about shootin' up the populace."

"Did you straighten out the matter?"

"To some extent. We elected him sheriff, thereby makin' it look a little more legal." —Washington Star.

Breaking It Gently.
Young Wife—Tomorrow will be my twenty-fifth birthday. Hubby—Why, a year ago, just before our wedding, you told me you were twenty. Young Wife—Yes, but we women age rapidly after marriage.—Boston Transcript.

A Bad Cold.
"There are two stages in a bad cold," averred Uncle Allan Sparks. "In the one stage it afflicts the man that's got it, and in the other it afflicts everybody else." —Chicago Tribune.

MEDICAL RESEARCH.

Romance of the Discovery of the Cause of Malaria.

In the history of research are many romances. Of the discovery that malaria was caused by mosquitoes, it is related how Dr. Low and Dr. Samton lived in the malarious Roman Campagna without quinine. They retired at sunset to a mosquito proof hut, with double doors and windows of wire net, and they did not leave until sunrise. The fact that they remained immune, while the attendants, sleeping outside, contracted malaria, confirmed the belief that the mosquitoes were responsible.

But how did they carry the disease? At first it was thought to be by water. To settle the question live mosquitoes which had bitten infected peasants were sent home and two members of the school submitted to be bitten by them. They both went down with malaria. Again, how did the mosquitoes transmit the germ?

By cutting sections of the proboscis the malarious parasite was found. It breaks through the skin of the proboscis and is transmitted at the time of the sting. From the first conjecture to the final proof was a series of careful experiments, ending with the slicing of the mosquito's proboscis. Now, this is finer than the hair. It is necessary to stop to think. For it is easier to imagine the triumph of the proof than the delicate operation that produced it.—London Standard.

LIGHTING BY GAS.

It Was a Costly Process When It Was First Established.

The first incorporated gas company was the National Light and Heat Company of England, established in 1809. In America the first gas company was incorporated in Baltimore in 1816, the second one in Boston in 1822, and the next one was the New York Gaslight Company, incorporated in 1823.

Prior to 1820 the gas business of this country was nominal, but the price probably was responsible for its slow development. From 1824 to 1828, says Moody's Magazine, the New York Gaslight Company sold gas to consumers at the rate of \$10 a thousand cubic feet.

The first artificial illuminating gas was produced in England about 1726 by one Dr. Hales, but not until 1758 was a practical test made. In that year the Earl of Dumbarton of Scotland arranged an apparatus by which he lighted his castle with gas. The same year William Murdoch of Birmingham, England, introduced gas as a light in his workshops at Redruth and Cornwall.

As Mr. Murdoch was the first man to reap any commercial benefit from the discovery of the use of illuminating gas, he may properly be accredited as the father of modern public utilities. In 1813 London bridge was illuminated by gas, and five years later gas was in general use throughout the main part of London.

Red Letter Days.

The origin of a "red letter day" has been traced back to the third century. Gregory, bishop of Caesarea, zealous for the conversion of pagans, found them unwilling to give up their customary recreations at the festivals of their gods, so, taking a leaf out of their book, he instituted festivals in honor of saints and martyrs. This example soon led to the institution of holy days, now corrupted into holidays. In old almanacs all such holy days were set forth in red ink, the rest being in black; hence the term "red letter day" for any notable occasion. Others say that the origin of the expression is much more recent and is due to the fact that Saints' day, the 5th of November, the king's birthday and accession and King Charles' day were similarly marked off in red as holidays for the Bank of England, evidently in the times of the later Stuarts. —London Telegraph.

Political Antisocialities.
Political antisocialities today are seldom carried into private life. In the past just the opposite was the rule. "Coke of Norfolk" once stated that when he was a child his grandfather took him on his knee and said, "Now, remember, Tom, as long as you live never trust a Tory," and he used to add, "I never have, and, by George, I never will." G. W. E. Russell, too, tells of an eccentric maiden lady whom he knew in his youth who, having spent her life in the innermost circles of aristocratic Whiggery, always refused to enter a cab until she had extorted from the driver an assurance that he had never carried cases of infectious disease, that he was not a Puseyite and that he was a Whig.—London Graphic.

A Resourceful Community.
"We didn't know what to do about Plute Pete," said the Crimson Gulch citizen. "He was a real good feller, but he would be careless about shootin' up the populace."

"Did you straighten out the matter?"

"To some extent. We elected him sheriff, thereby makin' it look a little more legal." —Washington Star.

Breaking It Gently.
Young Wife—Tomorrow will be my twenty-fifth birthday. Hubby—Why, a year ago, just before our wedding, you told me you were twenty. Young Wife—Yes, but we women age rapidly after marriage.—Boston Transcript.

A Bad Cold.
"There are two stages in a bad cold," averred Uncle Allan Sparks. "In the one stage it afflicts the man that's got it, and in the other it afflicts everybody else." —Chicago Tribune.

MEDICAL RESEARCH.

Romance of the Discovery of the Cause of Malaria.

In the history of research are many romances. Of the discovery that malaria was caused by mosquitoes, it is related how Dr. Low and Dr. Samton lived in the malarious Roman Campagna without quinine. They retired at sunset to a mosquito proof hut, with double doors and windows of wire net, and they did not leave until sunrise. The fact that they remained immune, while the attendants, sleeping outside, contracted malaria, confirmed the belief that the mosquitoes were responsible.

But how did they carry the disease? At first it was thought to be by water. To settle the question live mosquitoes which had bitten infected peasants were sent home and two members of the school submitted to be bitten by them. They both went down with malaria. Again, how did the mosquitoes transmit the germ?

By cutting sections of the proboscis the malarious parasite was found. It breaks through the skin of the proboscis and is transmitted at the time of the sting. From the first conjecture to the final proof was a series of careful experiments, ending with the slicing of the mosquito's proboscis. Now, this is finer than the hair. It is necessary to stop to think. For it is easier to imagine the triumph of the proof than the delicate operation that produced it.—London Standard.

LIGHTING BY GAS.

It Was a Costly Process When It Was First Established.

The first incorporated gas company was the National Light and Heat Company of England, established in 1809. In America the first gas company was incorporated in Baltimore in 1816, the second one in Boston in 1822, and the next one was the New York Gaslight Company, incorporated in 1823.

Prior to 1820 the gas business of this country was nominal, but the price probably was responsible for its slow development. From 1824 to 1828, says Moody's Magazine, the New York Gaslight Company sold gas to consumers at the rate of \$10 a thousand cubic feet.

